# SWEENEY TODD

Screenplay by
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Music and Lyrics by
Stephen Sondheim

Adapted from the Stage Musical
"Sweeney Todd: The Demon Barber of Fleet Street"

Music and Lyrics by Stephen Sondheim
Book by Hugh Wheeler

Based on a version of "Sweeney Todd"
by Christopher Bond

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FINAL SHOOTING SCRIPT
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1 INT. DARK CHAMBER -- NIGHT 1

Foreboding organ music is heard...

We are looking down at a rough brick floor ... is it an alley? ... a cobblestone street? ... a warehouse? a factory? ... we're not sure...

The flickering glow of flame is the only illumination...

The ominous organ music continues as...

From the bottom of the frame...

A dark pool of blood slowly begins to spread ... moving up the frame, defying gravity ... the flickering flame reflected in the blood...

Finally, the pool of blood fills the entire frame.

SUDDENLY--

A shrill factory whistle blows--

ENORMOUSLY LOUD -- blood-chilling and spine-shattering -- the whistle is a bizarre combination of sound: a factory whistle; a hog being slaughtered; a dog snarling; a roaring inferno; a human scream--

And a man's face appears, upside down, reflected in the pool of blood.

He is THE GENTLEMAN, a slender dandy in pearl grey gloves and matching waistcoat. A cold and superior aristocrat.

The camera slowly revolves -- the Gentleman becoming right side up as--

GENTLEMAN
**Attend the tale of Sweeney Todd.**
**His skin was pale and his eye was odd.**
**He shaved the faces of gentlemen**
**Who never thereafter were heard of again.**
**He trod a path that few have trod,**
**Did Sweeney Todd,**
**The Demon Barber of Fleet Street.**

We cut from the blood to see the Gentleman standing before us. Strangely impassive.

We are in an eerie dark chamber, unclear, a low ceiling, a world of silhouettes and shadows.

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED: 1

Another figure emerges from the miasma of shadows, into the hellish flickering of flame: THE BANKER. He is large, rotund and sleek. Impressive muttonchops.

BANKER
**He kept a shop in London town,**
**Of fancy clients and good renown,**
**And what if none of their souls were saved?**
**They went to their maker impeccably shaved...**

More FIGURES begin to emerge from the shadows, joining the Gentleman and the Banker as...

BANKER
**By Sweeney,**
**By Sweeney Todd,**
**The Demon Barber of Fleet Street.**

Although prosaic in appearance these figures are, in fact, GHOSTS.

GENTLEMAN, BANKER, TOURIST *
**Swing your razor wide, Sweeney!**
**Hold it to the skies!**
**Freely flows the blood of those**
**Who moralize!**

As they continue, the new figures become more distinct...

THE GENERAL, a tough, leather-skinned military man in a crimson imperial uniform...

GENERAL
**His needs were few, his room was bare:**

THE PRIEST, a lean, severe man with pale skin in clerical attire...

PRIEST
**A lavabo and a fancy chair...**

THE TOURIST, a small, meek man with glasses in an ill-fitting suit...

TOURIST
**A mug of suds and a leather strop,**
**An apron, a towel, a pail and a mop...**

THE STUDENT, a dashing young man from Oxford with luxurious long hair...

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED: (2) 1

STUDENT
**For neatness he deserves a nod,**
**Does Sweeney Todd...**

GHOSTS (ALL 6) *
**The Demon Barber of Fleet Street.**

The ghosts are a bit more insinuating now as they move around this mysterious world...

GENTLEMAN *
**Inconspicuous Sweeney was,** *
**Quick and quiet and clean 'e was.**

GENERAL AND BANKER *
**Back of his smile, under his word,** *
**Sweeney heard music that nobody heard.**

STUDENT *
**Sweeney pondered and Sweeney planned,** *

TOURIST, PRIEST, STUDENT *
**Like a perfect machine 'e planned,**

GHOSTS (ALL 6) *
**Sweeney was smooth, Sweeney was subtle,**
**Sweeney would blink and rats would scuttle...**

The specters are becoming more insistent, their strange impassivity giving way to accusation as the flickering red flame becomes an inferno--

STUDENT AND GENERAL *
(simultaneously with OTHER 4 GHOSTS) *
**Inconspicuous Sweeney was,** *
**Quick and quiet and clean 'e was,** *
**Sweeney was smooth, Sweeney was subtle,** *
**Sweeney would blink and rats would scuttle...** *
**Sweeney! Sweeney! Sweeney! Sweeney!** *
**Sweeeeeneeeeey!** *

BANKER AND TOURIST *
(simultaneously with OTHER 4 GHOSTS) *
**Sweeney was smooth, Sweeney was subtle,** *
**Sweeney would blink and rats would scuttle...** *
**Inconspicuous Sweeney was,** *
**Quick and quiet and** *
**Like a perfect machine 'e was,** *
**Was Sweeney! Sweeney! Sweeney!** *
**Sweeeeeneeeeey!** *

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED: (3) 1

GENTLEMAN AND PRIEST *
(simultaneously with OTHER 4 GHOSTS) *
**Inconspicuous Sweeney was,** *
**Quick and quiet and clean 'e was, Sweeney!** *
**Clean 'e was, was Sweeney!** *
**Keen 'e was, was Sweeney!** *
**Sweeney! Sweeney! Sweeney!** *
**Sweeeeeneeeeey!** *

On this explosive note we revolve -- away from the ghostly Furies--

To discover--

SWEENEY TODD. Standing before us. An unclear figure, silhouetted in blazing red flames.

We slowly push in on him as:

GENTLEMAN *
**Attend the tale of Sweeney Todd.**

BANKER, TOURIST, GENERAL, PRIEST, STUDENT *
**Attend the tale of Sweeney Todd.** *

GENTLEMAN *
**He served a dark and a vengeful god.** *

BANKER, TOURIST, GENERAL, PRIEST, STUDENT *
**He served a dark and a vengeful god.** *

BANKER *
**What happened then--**
**Well, who's to say?** *
**And he wouldn't want us to give it away,** *

TOURIST *
**Not Sweeney,** *

GHOSTS (ALL) *
**Not Sweeney Todd,**

GENTLEMAN AND BANKER *
**The Demon Barber of Fleet Street.**

On this note, we push in tight on the figure of Todd...

Music and the clanging of a clock tower bell are heard as we slowly begin pulling back and are imperceptibly * transported to...

2 EXT. SHIP -- THAMES -- ALMOST DAWN 2

ANTHONY, a young sailor of about 20, is standing at the rail of a ship. We see the obscure shape of rigging and sails behind him. The cries of sailors echo. *

Behind him stand the GENTLEMAN and the BANKER. They are looking past Anthony, looking at something. They move away as Anthony peers through the fog, straining to see... *

London.

Gradually, as the ship approaches, the towering spires and mountainous rooftops of the city begin to stand out in relief, to emerge through the fog like a tiger creeping toward its prey.

Music continues as Anthony takes in the dreadful and magnificent spectacle of the 19th Century metropolis. The gnarl of rooftops. The labyrinth of streets and alleys. The black trails of smoke reaching up like skeletal fingers from a thousand chimneys. *

London. Sulfurous London.

Anthony is awestruck. *

ANTHONY
**I have sailed the world, beheld its wonders**
**From the Dardanelles**
**To the mountains of Peru,**
**But there's no place like London--!**

Then-- *

Sweeney Todd steps to Anthony's side, grimly interrupting-- *

TODD
**No, there's no place like London.** *

ANTHONY
Mr. Todd...?

TODD
**You are young.**
**Life has been kind to you.**
**You will learn.**

Todd glares forward, his haunted gaze never leaving the approaching city. *

3 EXT. DOCKS -- DAWN 3

Music continues as Todd stands very still and takes in the shadowy figures on the docks.

Anthony seems almost lost at his side, overwhelmed by the scale and aura of the city.

ANTHONY
Lord ... takes your breath away, doesn't it?

Todd shudders violently, almost snarling.

TODD
**There's a hole in the world**
**Like a great black pit**
**And the vermin of the world**
**Inhabit it**
**And its morals aren't worth**
**What a pig could spit**
**And it goes by the name Of London.**
**At the top of the hole**
**Sit the privileged few**
**Making mock of the vermin**
**In the lower zoo,**
**Turning beauty into filth and greed.**
**I too**
**Have sailed the world, and seen its wonders**
**For the cruelty of men**
**Is as wondrous as Peru,**
**But there's no place like London!**

Anthony looks at his friend, mystified by his grim reaction to the city.

TODD
I beg your indulgence, Anthony ... My mind is far from easy. In these once familiar streets I feel shadows everywhere...

ANTHONY
Shadows...?

TODD
Ghosts.

Anthony looking at him, questioning. Todd continues quietly:

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED: 3

TODD
**There was a barber and his wife,**
**And she was beautiful,**
**A foolish barber and his wife,**
**She was his reason and his life,**
**And she was beautiful,**
**And she was virtuous.**
**And he was...**
(a breath)
**Naive.**

Anthony watches, rapt, as Todd remembers...

4 EXT. FLOWER MARKET -- FLASHBACK -- DAY 4

...Fifteen years before.

Todd walks with his beautiful wife LUCY through a crowded flower market, a colorful explosion of blossoms. Lucy carries their one-year-old baby, JOHANNA.

Todd is almost unrecognizable to us, content and smiling. Chatting with his wife. Happy.

TODD (V.O.)
**There was another man who saw**
**That she was beautiful,**
**A pious vulture of the law,**
**Who with a gesture of his claw**
**Removed the barber from his plate.**
**Then there was nothing but to wait**
**And she would fall,**
**So soft,**
**So young,**
**So lost,**
**And oh, so beautiful!**

During the above, JUDGE TURPIN, an elderly man with a saturnine demeanor, eyes Lucy through the luxurious bunches of flowers. He stalks her, desiring her.

With the Judge is his nefarious creature, BEADLE BAMFORD. The Beadle is a large man, his florid nature and pink, powdered face never quite disguising his lethality.

The Judge whispers to the Beadle, indicating Todd. Then the Beadle and several policemen sweep in and drag Todd off. The Judge moves in on Lucy like a predator.

And we return to...

5 EXT. DOCKS -- DAWN 5

Music continues.

ANTHONY
And the lady, sir ... did she succumb?

TODD
**Oh, that was many years ago...**
**I doubt if anyone would know.**

A quiet beat.

TODD
I owe you my life, Anthony. If you hadn't spotted me, I would be lost on the ocean still. Thank you. *

Todd picks up his duffel bag, preparing to go. *

ANTHONY
Will I see you again? *

TODD *
You might find me, if you like, around Fleet Street.

ANTHONY
Until then, my friend.

He offers his hand. Todd takes it and shakes.

Then Todd quickly turns and goes.

Anthony stands for a moment, saddened by the mysterious pall that hangs over his friend.

6 EXT. STREET -- MORNING 6

Todd strides along, deep in thought. The emotions roiling within him finally seethe out in a dark mutter:

TODD
**There's a hole in the world**
**Like a great black pit**
**And it's filled with people**
**Who are filled with shit**
**And the vermin of the world**
**Inhabit it...**

He disappears down the street as the music THUNDERS--

7 EXT. LONDON ASSAULT -- DAY 7

--We ZOOM ahead of Todd -- cutting through the city at lightning pace down twisting alleys and up crowded boulevards -- into tunnels and over bridges -- slashing through London at breakneck speed -- the insane explosion of music sending us hurtling to--

8 EXT. THE PIE SHOP -- DAY 8

Fleet Street.

We see the exterior of Mrs. Lovett's pie shop. It is tatty and unloved by all. Yet it has a strange, ghostly presence to it. Imposing and dead at the same time.

There is an exterior staircase leading up to a darkened second floor room with a window overlooking the street.

The music slows and continues as we see Todd, standing in front of the shop, considering it deeply.

The GENERAL we saw before passes, glancing at Todd. Here and then gone.

Todd finally strides to the shop and enters...

9 INT. PIE SHOP -- DAY 9

Behind the dusty counter is...

MRS. LOVETT, a venal, vigorous and slatternly woman in her 40's.

She is currently busy chopping a loathsome mess of suet with a wicked looking knife, her greasy hair hanging down over her face.

The moment Todd enters -- and the bell at the door sounds -- her head snaps up and her eyes are on him like a bird of prey:

MRS. LOVETT
A customer!

Todd is startled, starts to go--

MRS. LOVETT
**Wait! What's yer rush?**
**What's yer hurry?**
(She sticks the knife into the counter)
**You gave me such a--**

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED: 9

(Wipes her hands on her apron) )
**Fright. I thought you was a ghost.**
**Half a minute, can'tcher?**
**Sit!**
**Sit ye down!**
(An order)
Sit!
(He obeys)
**All I meant is that I--**
**Haven't seen a customer for weeks.**
**Did you come here for a pie, sir?**
(Todd nods. She flicks a bit of dust off a pie with a rag)
**Do forgive me if me head's a little vague--**
Ugh!
(She plucks something off the pie, examines it)
What is that?
**But you'd think we had the plague--**
(She drops it on the floor and stamps on it)
**From the way that people--**
(She flicks something off the pie with her finger)
**Keep avoiding--**
(Spotting it moving)
No, you don't!
(She smacks it with her hand)
**Heaven knows I try, sir!**
(Lifts her hand, looks at it)
Tsk!
(She wipes it on the edge of the counter)
**But there's no one comes in even to inhale--**
Tsk!
(She blows the last dust off the pie as she brings it to him)
**Right you are, sir. Would you like a drop of ale?**
(Todd nods)
**Mind you, I can hardly blame them--** *
(Pouring a tankard of ale)
**These are probably the worst pies in London.**
**I know why nobody cares to take them--**
**I should know,**
**I make them.**

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED: (2) 9

**But good? No,**
**The worst pies in London--**
**Even that's polite.**
**The worst pies in London--**
**If you doubt it, take a bite.**
(He does. It's horrible)
**Is that just disgusting?**
**You have to concede it.**
**It's nothing but crusting--**
**Here, drink this, you'll need it--**
(She gives him the ale)
**The worst pies in London.**

During the following, she slams lumps of dough on the counter and rolls them out, grunting frequently as she goes:

MRS. LOVETT
**And no wonder with the price of meat**
**What it is--**
(Grunt)
**When you get it.**
(Grunt)
**Never**
(Grunt)
**Thought I'd live to see the day**
**Men'd think it was a treat**
**Finding poor**
(Grunt)
**Animals**
(Grunt)
**Wot are dying in the street.**
**Mrs. Mooney has a pie shop,**
**Does a business, but I noticed something weird--**
**Lately all her neighbors' cats have disappeared.**
(Shrugs)
**Have to hand it to her--**
**Wot I calls**
**Enterprise,**
**Popping pussies into pies.**
**Wouldn't do in my shop--**
**Just the thought of it's enough to make you sick. And I'm telling you them pussy cats is quick.**
(Leans on counter, exhausted)
**No denying times is hard, sir -- Even harder than**
**The worst pies in London.**
**Only lard and nothing more--**
(As Todd gamely tries another mouthful)
**Is that just revolting?**
**All greasy and gritty,**

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED: (3) 9

**It looks like it's molting,**
**And tastes like--**
**Well, pity**
**A woman alone**
**With limited wind**
**And the worst pies in London!**
(Sighs heavily)
**Ah sir,**
**Times is hard. Times is hard.**

She finishes one of the crusts with a flourish as the music ends.

Todd, meanwhile, is gulping at his ale, trying to wash down Mrs. Lovett's hideous creation.

MRS. LOVETT
Trust me, dearie, it's going to take more than ale to wash that taste out. Come with me and we'll get you a nice tumbler of gin.

She leads him through the curtains at the back of the pie shop and into...

10 INT. PARLOR -- DAY 10

... Her parlor is a wonder of seedy faux-middle class Victoriana. Little knickknacks, dusty plants and dingy doilies. There is a threadbare mauve sofa in front of a comfortable fire.

A faded picture postcard of the seaside hangs on a wall.

She goes to a sideboard and pours him a huge glass of gin as:

MRS. LOVETT
Isn't this homey now? Me cheery wallpaper was a real bargain too, it being only partly singed when the chapel burnt down ...

She hands him the gin. He gulps it down, washing the taste of her pie out of his mouth.

MRS. LOVETT
There's a good boy, now you sit down and warm your bones, you look chilled through.

He sits before the fire:

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED: 10

TODD
Isn't that a room over the shop? If times are so hard, why don't you rent it out?

She glances up at the roof, considering the room over them.

MRS. LOVETT
Up there? Oh, no one will go near it...

She turns to him, something a little intense and probing about her gaze.

MRS. LOVETT
People think it's haunted.

TODD
Haunted?

She holds his gaze.

MRS. LOVETT
And who's to say they're wrong? ... You see, years ago, something happened up there. Something not very nice...

The flickering flame from the fire begins to cast a more intense red glow on her face...

MRS. LOVETT
**There was a barber and his wife,**
**And he was beautiful,**
**A proper artist with a knife,**
**But they transported him for life.**
(Sighs)
**And he was beautiful...**

The music continues as she looks at him, again with that rather intense gaze:

MRS. LOVETT
Barker, his name was -- Benjamin Barker.

TODD
Transported? What was his crime?

MRS. LOVETT
(with an edge)
Foolishness.

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED: (2) 10

She turns again to the fire, the red glow bathing her face as she remembers...

11 INT. BARBER SHOP -- FLASHBACK -- DAY 11

Lucy is pacing, holding Baby Johanna to her closely. Lucy is distraught, strained, tears in her eyes.

As Lucy paces we notice the ~~room~~ is full of dead and dying flowers: dozens of dried bouquets tossed aside and ignored.

MRS. LOVETT (V.O.)
**He had this wife, you see,**
**Pretty little thing,**
**Silly little nit**
**Had her chance for the moon on a string--** *
**Poor thing. ~~Poor thing~~.**

Lucy moves to the window, looks out. She sees Judge Turpin and the Beadle waiting below. The Judge holds yet another bouquet.

MRS. LOVETT (V.O.)
**There was this Judge, you see,**
**Wanted her like mad,**
**Every day he'd send her a flower,**
**But did she come down from her tower?**
**Sat up there and sobbed by the hour,**
**Poor fool.**

Lucy moves away from the window, sobbing.

MRS. LOVETT (V.O.)
**Ah, but there was worse yet to come,**
**Poor thing.**

12 EXT. EXCLUSIVE STREET -- FLASHBACK -- EVENING 12

The Beadle is leading a nervous Lucy along an exclusive street of dark stone mansions, grand but somehow menacing. Lucy is wearing her best dress.

MRS. LOVETT (V.O.)
**The Beadle calls on her, all polite,**
**Poor thing, poor thing.**
**The Judge, he tells her, is all contrite,**
**He blames himself for her dreadful plight**
**She must come straight to his house tonight!**
**Poor thing, poor thing.**

13 INT. TURPIN'S MANSION -- BALLROOM -- FLASHBACK -- NIGHT 13

The Beadle ushers Lucy into a ballroom. She is shocked to see a fancy-dress ball in progress.

Masked couples swirl around the ballroom, their number sinisterly multiplied by the distorting mirrors that frame the room. The hanging chandeliers, draped in red cloth, cast a disquieting incarnadine glow on the proceedings...

MRS. LOVETT (V.O.)
**Of course, when she goes there,**
**Poor thing, poor thing,**
**They're having this ball all in masks.**

Lucy wanders lost through the swirling dancers, they buffet her, confusing her...

MRS. LOVETT (V.O.)
**There's no one she knows there,**
**Poor dear, poor thing,**
**She wanders tormented, and drinks,**
**Poor thing.**
**The Judge has repented, she thinks,**
**Poor thing.**
**"Oh, where is Judge Turpin?" she asks.**

The Beadle finds Lucy again and graciously gives her his arm, leading her through the party. She is thankful for the salvation he provides. He brings her to Judge Turpin.

The Judge descends on Lucy, raping her. The other guests crowd around ravenously, enjoying the spectacle. A feverish nightmare.

MRS. LOVETT (V.O.)
**He was there, all right--**
**Only not so contrite!**
**She wasn't no match for such craft, you see,**
**And everyone thought it so droll.**
**They figured she had to be daft, you see,**
**So all of 'em stood there and laughed, you see,**
**Poor soul!**
**Poor thing!**

TODD (V.O.)
NOOOOOOOO...!

Todd's wild howl shatters the memory and tears us back to--

14 INT. PARLOR -- DAY 14

--Todd is bolting up from the sofa, tormented--

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED: 14

TODD
..... NOOOOOO!

He stands for a terrible beat.

TODD
Would no one have mercy on her?

MRS. LOVETT
So it is you -- Benjamin Barker.

TODD
Where's Lucy?! Where's my wife?!

MRS. LOVETT
She poisoned herself. Arsenic from the apothecary on the corner. I tried to stop her but she wouldn't listen to me. And he's got your daughter.

TODD
He? Judge Turpin?

MRS. LOVETT
Adopted her like his own.

Todd absorbs this sickening news.

TODD
Fifteen years of sweating in a living hell on a false charge. Fifteen years dreaming that I might come home to find a loving wife and child...

A beat as he stares into the fire, madness and purpose creeping in.

MRS. LOVETT
Well, I can't say the years have been particularly kind to you, Mr. Barker, but you still--

TODD
No, not Barker. That man is dead. It's Todd now. Sweeney Todd ... And he will have his revenge.

He continues with a chilling and quiet resolve as he stares with unblinking eyes into the fire:

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED: (2) 14

TODD
Judge Turpin and the Beadle will pay for what they did.

A beat. He finally turns to her.

TODD
First I must have my shop back.

15 EXT. PIE SHOP -- DAY 15

They emerge from the pie shop. She begins to scale the exterior staircase to the darkened second floor room. He hesitates.

MRS. LOVETT
Come along...

She continues up, he slowly follows.

16 INT. BARBER SHOP -- DAY 16

A macabre shroud of dust and spider's webs. Furniture covered in sheets. A broken mirror on one wall.

We hear footsteps approaching and then Mrs. Lovett enters. The door creaks like a living thing.

MRS. LOVETT
Not to worry, a touch of oil will put that right.
(she turns back to Todd)
... Nothing to be afraid of, love, come in.

She moves into the room. But Todd hesitates at the door, looking into the room.

For him this is a truly haunted place.

Meanwhile, she kneels and pries loose a floorboard.

Underneath there is a hidden area. Within that, something covered with a velvet cloth. She removes it and carefully unwraps it. Her touch is particularly gentle and respectful.

We discover it is a fine leather case. She looks at it for a beat. Then turns to him, dusting it off.

TODD
I don't believe it...

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED: 16

He finally steps into the room, drawn toward the case.

MRS. LOVETT
When they came for the girl, I hid 'em. I thought, who knows? Maybe the silly blighter'll be back again. Cracked in the head, wasn't I?

Haunting music begins as she opens the case...

And we see it contains a beautiful set of razors.

He stands for a long moment, gazing down at his beloved razors.

MRS. LOVETT
Those handles is chased silver, ain't they?

TODD
Silver, yes...

**These are my friends,**
**See how they glisten.**
(He picks up a small razor)
**See this one shine,**
**How he smiles in the light.**
**My friend, my faithful friend.**
(Holding it to his ear, feeling the edge with his thumb)
**Speak to me friend,**
**Whisper, I'll listen.**
(Listening)
**I know, I know--**
**You've been locked out of sight**
**All these years--**
**Like me, my friend.**
**Well, I've come home**
**To find you waiting.**
**Home,**
**And we're together,**
**And we'll do wonders,**
**Won't we?**

Mrs. Lovett leans over him, in her own kind of trance as well. They now sing simultaneously:

TODD
(Picking out a larger razor)
**You there, my friend,**

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED: (2) 16

**Come, let me hold you.**

**Now, with a sigh**
**You grow warm**
**In my hand,**
**My friend,**
**My clever friend.**
(Putting it back)
**Rest now, my friends.**
**Soon I'll unfold you.**
**Soon you'll know splendors**

**You never have dreamed**
**All your days--**

MRS. LOVETT
**I'm your friend too, Mr. Todd.**
**If you only knew, Mr. Todd--**
**Ooh, Mr. Todd,**
**You're warm**
**In my hand.**
**You've come home.**
**Always had a fondness for you,**
**I did.**

TODD
**--My lucky friends.**
**Till now your shine**
**Was merely silver.**
**Friends,**
**You shall drip rubies,**
**You'll soon drip precious**
**Rubies...**

MRS. LOVETT
**Never you fear, Mr. Todd,**
**You can move in here, Mr. Todd.**
**Splendors you never have dreamed**
**All your days**
**Will be yours.**
**I'm your friend.**
**And you're mine.** *
**Don't they shine beautiful?**
**Silver's good enough for me,**
**Mr. T...**

The music continues quietly as Todd stares at one of his razors.

TODD
Leave me now...

She goes. Todd finally picks up his biggest razor and slowly opens it, looks at it.

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED: (3) 16

TODD
At last my arm is complete again.

And he remains standing. Exalted.

Then--

In the shattered mirror on the wall he suddenly sees--

The distorted reflections of the Gentleman, the Banker, and the General, looking at him--

GENTLEMAN, BANKER, GENERAL *
AND GHOST CHORUS *
**Lift your razor high, Sweeney!** *
**Hear it singing, "Yes!"**
**Sink it in the rosy skin**
**Of righteousness!**

Todd turns to them...

TOURIST (V.O.) AND GENERAL *
**His voice was soft, his manner mild.**

PRIEST (V.O.) AND BANKER *
**He seldom laughed but he often smiled,** *

STUDENT (V.O.) AND GENTLEMAN *
**He'd seen how civilized men behave.** *

GENTLEMAN *
**He never forgot and he never forgave,**

STUDENT (V.O.) AND GENTLEMAN *
**Not Sweeney,** *

BANKER *
**Not Sweeney Todd,**

TOURIST, STUDENT AND PRIEST (V.O.) *
GENTLEMAN, BANKER, GENERAL *
**The Demon Barber of Fleet Street.** *

Todd pulls a sheet off Baby Johanna's cradle. A cloud of dust rises.

The ghosts disappear in the cloud of dust and Todd stands alone, staring at the cradle, holding his razor.

17 EXT. EXCLUSIVE STREET -- DAY 17

Anthony, now out of his sailor's uniform, is walking along the sidewalk near the Judge's mansion, absorbed in a copy of Baedeker's London.

He stops, lost, trying to get his bearings, studying his map.

Then an unusual sound emerges through the normal cosmopolitan bustle. It is the sound of a woman humming. He looks up to see...

JOHANNA, a 16-year-old girl with golden hair, beautiful and hauntingly sad. She sits at her window above, behind bars, humming to herself as she does needlepoint.

Anthony watches her, absolutely mesmerized.

Johanna notices a Bird Seller passing. He carries a long, wooden pole with little bird cages attached.

JOHANNA
**Green finch and linnet bird,**
**Nightingale, blackbird,**
**How is it you sing?**
**How can you jubilate,**
**Sitting in cages,**
**Never taking wing?**
**Outside the sky waits,**
**Beckoning, beckoning,**
**Just beyond the bars.**
**How can you remain,**
**Staring at the rain,**
**Maddened by the stars?**
**How is it you sing**
**Anything?**
**How is it you sing?**

Then ... she sees Anthony on the sidewalk below.

Music continues. There is a long look between them. Her intense, melancholy expression moves him.

She continues singing, the strange anguish and yearning of her words seem intended only for him...

JOHANNA
**My cage has many rooms,**
**Damask and dark.**
**Nothing there sings,**
**Not even my lark.**
**Larks never will, you know,**

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED: 17

**When they're captive.**
**Teach me to be more adaptive.**

**Green finch and linnet bird,**
**Nightingale, blackbird,**
**Teach me how to sing.**
**If I cannot fly,**
**Let me sing.**

Then she turns away quickly, alarmed, when someone enters her room. She looks terrified.

Below, Anthony is concerned for her. He sees her move from the window.

He is craning to see better when a BEGGAR WOMAN -- a filthy tendril of a woman, her foul clothes of rags like a second skin -- suddenly thrusts her arm up from the curb, imploring:

BEGGAR WOMAN
**Alms! ... Alms! ...**
**For a miserable woman**
**On a miserable chilly morning...**
(Anthony drops a coin into her hand)

**Thank yer, sir, thank yer.**

ANTHONY
Ma'am, could you tell me whose house this is? *

BEGGAR WOMAN
That's the great Judge Turpin's house that is.

ANTHONY
And the young lady who resides there?

BEGGAR WOMAN
That's Johanna, his pretty little ward. Keeps her snug, he does, all locked up ... So don't you go trespassing there or it's a good whipping for you -- or any other young man with mischief on his mind...

She suddenly leers into a lewd and demented assault:

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED: (2) 17

BEGGAR WOMAN
**'Ow would you like a little muff, dear,**
**A little jig jig**
**A little bounce around the bush?**
**Wouldn't you like to push me parsley?**
**It looks to me, dear,**
**Like you got plenty there to push.**

She grabs at Anthony's crotch -- Anthony starts back -- she turns away, instantly plaintive again, and appeals to other pedestrians as she goes:

BEGGAR WOMAN
**Alms! ... Alms!...**
**For a desperate woman...**

Anthony considers the mansion. He sees a figure standing at a window, unclear behind the shutters, watching him.

He sits on a bench outside the mansion and sings quietly:

ANTHONY
**I feel you,**
**Johanna,**
**I feel you.**
**I was half convinced I'd waken,**
**Satisfied enough to dream you.**
**Happily I was mistaken, Johanna!**
**I'll steal you,**
**Johanna,**
**I'll steal you!..**

Then the figure disappears from the window above. Anthony stands, waits. Then the doors to the mansion swing open...

Anthony is expecting Johanna...

But it is Judge Turpin, the predator we met in Todd's flashback, who steps into the doorway.

He seems a different man now. Paternal and warm, he smiles and beckons to Anthony.

Anthony hesitates, unsure. The Judge beckons again. Again the warm smile.

JUDGE
Come in, lad. Come in...

Anthony goes into the mansion.

18 INT. TURPIN'S MANSION -- LIBRARY -- DAY 18

Judge Turpin leads Anthony into the dark library, filled with books. Anthony is looking around for Johanna. He is wary, this is all very strange.

JUDGE
... you were looking for Hyde Park, you say?

ANTHONY
Yes, it's terribly large on the map but I keep getting lost...

JUDGE
Sit down, lad, sit down.

Anthony sits, uncomfortable, as the Judge pours two snifters of brandy.

ANTHONY
It's embarrassing for a sailor to lose his bearings, but, well, there you are.

Then...

The large form of the Beadle appears from the shadows. No introduction is made. Anthony glances to him, uneasy.

JUDGE
A sailor, eh?

ANTHONY
Yes, sir. The "Bountiful" out of Plymouth.

JUDGE
(handing him a snifter of brandy)
A sailor must know the ways of the world, yes? ... Must be practiced in the ways of the world ... Would you say you are practiced, boy?

ANTHONY
Sir?

The Judge moves to consider some beautiful volumes, bound in the richest leather. He runs a finger along the spines of the books; his large library of pornography.

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED: 18

JUDGE
Oh, yes ... such practices ... the geishas of Japan ... the concubines of Siam .. the catamites of Greece ... the harlots of India ... I have them all here ... Drawings of them ....
(he turns again to Anthony)
... All the vile things you've done with your whores.

Anthony is speechless. The Judge just smiles at him amiably.

JUDGE
Would you like to see?

ANTHONY
(standing)
I think there's been some mistake--

JUDGE
Oh, I think not. You gandered at my ward, Johanna ... You gandered at her ... Yes, sir, you gandered.

The Beadle moves behind Anthony.

ANTHONY
(glancing nervously back at the Beadle)
I meant no harm--

JUDGE
Your meaning is immaterial. Mark me: if I see your face again on this street, you'll rue the day your bitch of a mother gave you birth.

Anthony is stunned. The Judge proceeds with shocking venom:

JUDGE
My Johanna isn't one of your bloody cock-chafers! My Johanna is not to be gandered at!

He nods to the Beadle -- the Beadle instantly grabs Anthony and brutally hauls him out.

19 EXT. MANSION -- ALLEY -- DAY 19

The Beadle drags Anthony through a rear door of the mansion and flings him into a filthy alley.

Anthony pulls himself up. Stunned.

BEADLE
Hyde Park is that ~~way,~~ young sir ...
A right and then a left, then
straight on, you see? ...
(points)
... Over there.

Flustered, Anthony turns to look--

The instant Anthony's back is turned, the Beadle swings his lethal billyclub and SLAMS him from behind brutally, in the kidneys -- Anthony's knees buckle--

The Beadle then SLAMS Anthony across the back of the neck -- Anthony falls hard--

The Beadle then uses one dainty foot to roll Anthony over-- Anthony gazes up at him, panting for breath, in agony--

BEADLE
You heard Judge Turpin, little man.

He presses the end of his billyclub into Anthony's forehead, grinding it hard--

BEADLE
Next time it'll be your pretty
brains all over the pavement.

With that, the Beadle returns to the mansion and slams the door.

Anthony slowly pulls himself to his knees, doubled over, coughing up blood.

A long beat as Anthony gets his breath, wiping blood from his face.

Still doubled over, he sings with burning intensity:

ANTHONY
**I'll steal you,**
**Johanna,**
**I'll steal you!**
**Do they think that walls can hide you?**
**Even now I'm at your window.**

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED: 19

**I am in the dark beside you,**
**Buried sweetly in your yellow hair.**

He pulls himself up, every movement is agony. He makes his way down the alley, leaning on the wall for support.

20 EXT. EXCLUSIVE STREET -- DAY 20

The music swells as Anthony emerges from the dark alley into the bright sunlight. He makes his way along the sidewalk:

ANTHONY
**I feel you, Johanna,**
**And one day I'll steal you.**
**Till I'm with you then,**
**I'm with you there,**
**Sweetly buried in your yellow hair...**

The soaring music continues as Anthony stops at a park across the street from Turpin's mansion, bravely gazing up at Johanna's window.

21 EXT. STREET LEADING TO ST. DUNSTAN'S MARKETPLACE -- DAY 21

Sweeney Todd and Mrs. Lovett are moving quickly, she struggles to keep up with his long, loping stride. He carries his razor case, she carries a shopping basket.

TODD
He's here every Thursday?

MRS. LOVETT
Like clockwork. Eyetalian. All the rage he is.

TODD
Not for long.

22 EXT. ST. DUNSTAN'S MARKETPLACE DAY 22

They round a corner and move into the bustling marketplace. A steady mercantile hum as the cries of merchants and wandering coster-mongers fill the air.

Todd and Mrs. Lovett move toward a hand-drawn caravan dominating one corner of the marketplace. It is painted like a Sicilian donkey cart and on its side a sign declaims: "Signor Adolfo Pirelli -- Haircutter to His Royal Majesty the King of Naples."

MRS. LOVETT
Oh Mr. T., do you really think you can do it?

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED: 22

TODD
By tomorrow they'll all be flocking
to me like sheep to be shorn--

He stops abruptly when he sees--

The Beadle casually strolling through the crowd. Todd is transfixed, his ancient enemy so close.

MRS. LOVETT
(seeing the Beadle, pulling his arm)
Come along now, dear, he might recognize you--

TODD
I will do what I have vowed to do
...
(he continues to glare at the Beadle, his voice low)
... Come closer, my friend, closer...

Then, TOBY -- a 13-year-old boy, a bit small for his age, malnourished and consumptively pale -- emerges from Pirelli's caravan. He bangs on a tin drum, drawing customers.

A crowd begins to gather at the caravan as:

TOBY
**Ladies and gentlemen!**
**May I have your attention, perlease?**
**Do you wake every morning in shame and despair**
**To discover your pillow is covered with hair**
**Wot ought not to be there?**
**Well, ladies and gentlemen,**
**From now on you can waken at ease.** *
**You need never again have a worry or care,**
**I will show you a miracle marvelous rare,**
**Gentlemen, you are about to see something wot**
**rose from the dead!**
(A woman gasps, he smiles and wiggles a finger no)
**On the top of my head.**

He dramatically doffs his cap, revealing mountains of hair which cascade to his shoulder.

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED: (2) 22

TOBY
**'Twas Pirelli's**
**Miracle Elixir,**
**That's wot did the trick, sir,**
**True, sir, true.**
**Was it quick, sir?**
**Did it in a tick, sir?**
**Just like an elixir**
**Ought to do!**
(To a Bald Man)
**How about a bottle, mister?**
**Only costs a penny, guaranteed.**
(Pours a drop on the bald man's head)
**Does Pirelli's**
**Stimulate the growth, sir?**
**You can have my oath, sir,**
**'Tis unique.**
(Applies the bald man's hand to the wet spot)
**Rub a minute,**
**Stimulatin', i'n it?**
**Soon you'll have to thin it**
**Once a week!**

More customers are stepping up and buying bottles.

Todd opens a bottle of the Elixir, takes a whiff. Disgusting. He smiles to Mrs. Lovett, his plan falling into place.

TODD
(loudly, to Mrs. Lovett)
**Pardon me, ma'am, what's that awful stench?**

MRS. LOVETT
**Are we standing near an open trench?**
(simultaneously with Todd) *
**Pardon me, sir, what's that awful stench?** *

TODD *
(simultaneously with Mrs. Lovett) *
(to a woman in the crowd) *
**Must be standing near an open trench!** *

The crowd responds to Todd and Mrs. Lovett, looking askance and sniffing at the bottles. Toby nervously tries to distract them:

TOBY
**Buy Pirelli's Miracle Elixir:**
**Anything wot's slick, sir,**
**Soon sprouts curls.**

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED: (3) 22

**Try Pirelli's!**
**When they see how thick, sir,**
**You can have your pick, sir,**
**Of the girls!**

**Want to buy a bottle, missus?**

TODD
(sniffing bottle of Elixir)
**What is this?**

MRS. LOVETT
(sniffing another customer's bottle)
**What is this?**

TODD
**Smells like piss.**

MRS. LOVETT
**Smells like -- phew!**
(simultaneously with Todd) *
**Wouldn't touch it if I was you dear** *

TODD *
(simultaneously with Mrs. Lovett) *
**Looks like piss.** *

TODD *
**This is piss. Piss with ink.** *

The music speeds up -- Toby is getting desperate:

TOBY
**Let Pirelli's**
**Activate your roots, sir--**

TODD
**Keep it off your boots, sir--**
**Eats right through.**

TOBY
**Yes, get Pirelli's!**
**Use a bottle of it!**
**Ladies seem to love it--**

MRS. LOVETT
**Flies do too!**

Suddenly, the curtains on the caravan are dramatically flung wide to reveal--

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED: (4) 22

PIRELLI, a flamboyant Italian with a velvet suit, thick wavy hair and a dazzling smile. Pirelli poses splendidly for a moment. Then:

PIRELLI
**I am Adolfo Pirelli,**
**Da king of da barbers, da barber of kings,**
**E buon giorno, good day,**
**I blow you a kiss!**
(he does so)
**And I, da so-famous Pirelli,**
**I wish-a to know-a**
**Who has-a da nerve-a to say**
**My elixir is piss!**
**Who says this?!**

TODD
I do.
(Todd moves forward boldly.)
I am Mr. Sweeney Todd of Fleet Street. I have opened a bottle of Pirelli's elixir, and I say to you that it is nothing but an arrant fraud, concocted from piss and ink.

The crowd gasps. Pirelli is about to respond, outraged, but Todd continues--

TODD
And furthermore -- "signor" -- I have serviced no kings, yet I wager I can shave a cheek with ten times more dexterity that any street mountebank.

He snaps open his razor case and holds it up for the crowd to see, turning to display the wondrous razors:

TODD
You see these razors?

MRS. LOVETT
(to the crowd)
The finest in England.

TODD
(glaring at Pirelli)
I lay them against five pounds you are no match for me. You hear me, sir? Either accept my challenge or reveal yourself as a sham.

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED: (5) 22

MRS. LOVETT
Bravo, bravo.

The crowd is enjoying this now, whispering eagerly about the bold challenge. In the crowd, we see a quick flash of the meek TOURIST we saw earlier.

Pirelli studies the razors for a moment and then turns to the crowd with a confident smile:

PIRELLI
You hear zis foolish man? Watch and see how he will regret his folly!

Music begins as Todd moves into action, preparing the challenge:

TODD
Friends, who's for a free shave?

Two men step forward. A plain wooden chair is brought for Todd as he moves into the boldest part of this plan...

He carefully turns to ... The Beadle.

TODD
Will Beadle Bamford be the judge?

Mrs. Lovett's eyes shoot to Todd, alarmed--

The Beadle moves toward Todd ....

Todd smiles amiably, but quivers internally at being so dreadfully close to his prey...

Mrs. Lovett watches, concerned. Will the Beadle recognize the features of Benjamin Barker...?

Apparently not.

The Beadle stops right before Todd and smiles.

BEADLE
Glad, as always, to oblige my friends and neighbors
(to the crowd)
... Let the challenge commence!

One man sits in Todd's plain chair as the other moves to an elaborate chair on Pirelli's caravan. Pirelli shakes out a fancy bib with a flourish and covers his man. Toby prepares Pirelli's ornate shaving supplies as Todd takes a plain towel and tucks it around his man's neck.

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED: (6) 22

BEADLE
Ready?

PIRELLI
Ready!

TODD
Ready.

BEADLE
The fastest, smoothest shave is the winner.

He blows his shrill whistle. Agitated music begins.

Pirelli strops his razor quickly, Todd in a leisurely manner. Pirelli keeps glancing at Todd in various paranoid ways throughout, frightened of Todd's progress. He starts whipping up lather rapidly:

PIRELLI
(while mixing furiously)
**Now, signorini, signori,**
**We mix-a da lather**
**But first-a you gather**
**Around, signorini, signori,**
**You looking a man**
**Who have had-a da glory**
**To shave-a da Pope.**
**Mr. Sweeney-so-smart--**
(Splatters the customer with shaving cream)
**Oh, I beg-a you pardon -- 'll**
**Call me a lie, was-a only a cardinal--**
**Nope!**
**It was-a da Pope!**

Unexpectedly, Todd still shows no signs of starting to shave his man. He merely watches Pirelli's performance. Mrs. Lovett looks at him nervously, wishing he would get on with it.

Pirelli, now feeling he can take his time, sings lyrically as he lathers and shaves with rhythmic scrapes and elaborate gestures of wiping the razor.

PIRELLI
**To shave-a da face,**
**To cut-a da hair,**
**Require da grace**
**Require da flair,**
**For if-a you slip,**
**You nick da skin,**

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED: (7) 22

**You clip-a da chin,**
**You rip-a da lip a bit**
**Beyond-a repair!**

Todd strops his razor slowly and deliberately -- shoop, shoop, shoop -- disconcerting Pirelli and drawing the crowd's attention.

PIRELLI
**To shave-a da face**
**Or even a part**
**Widout it-a smart**
**Require da heart.**
**Not just-a da flash,**
**It take-a panache,**
**It take-a da passion**
**For da art.**

Todd is unconcerned. He just continues to slowly strop his razor -- shoop, shoop, shoop -- which flusters Pirelli.

PIRELLI
**To shave-a da face,**
**To trim-a da beard,**
**To make-a da bristle**
**Clean like a whistle,**
**Dis is from early infancy**
**Da talent give to me**
**By God!**
(Crosses himself with his razor)
**It take-a da skill,**
**It take-a da brains,**
**It take-a da will**
**To take-a da pains,**
**It take-a da pace,**
**It take-a da graaaaaace...**

While Pirelli holds this note elaborately, Todd, with a few deft strokes, quickly lathers his man's face, shaves him and signals the Beadle to examine him.

BEADLE
(blowing whistle)
The winner is Todd.

Pirelli deflates.

MRS. LOVETT
(feeling the customer's cheek)
Smooth as a baby's arse! -- (to Todd) -- Well done, dear!

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED: (8) 22

The crowd laughs and applauds Todd as Pirelli goes to him:

PIRELLI
(a profound bow)
Sir, I bow to a skill far defter than my own.

TODD
The five pounds.

Pirelli produces a distinctive chatelaine purse and removes a five pound note, gives it to Todd:

PIRELLI
Here, sir. And may the good Lord smile on you --
(a quick stab of a smile)
-- Until we meet again.

He bows his head quickly and then moves away, beckoning to Toby:

PIRELLI
Come, boy.

TOBY
We're pulling out, sir?

Without warning, Pirelli SLAPS Toby viciously across the face --Toby almost falls--

PIRELLI
(snarling)
We're pulling out, yes. Quickly.

Mrs. Lovett has observed all of this as she moves away with Todd, who is making his way inexorably toward the Beadle.

Some eager customers surround Todd, among them is the TOURIST.

EAGER CUSTOMER
Mr. Todd, sir, do you have an establishment of your own?

Mrs. Lovett is on him like a hawk:

MRS. LOVETT
He certainly does. Sweeney Todd's Tonsorial Parlor -- above my meatpie emporium in Fleet Street.

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED: (9) 22

Todd has led them right to the Beadle:

TODD
I thank you for your honest adjudication, sir. You are a paragon of integrity.

BEADLE
Well, I try to do my best for my friends and neighbors ... Your establishment is in Fleet Street, you say?

TODD
Yes, sir.

BEADLE
Then, Mr. Todd, you will surely see me there before the week is out.

TODD
You will be welcome, Beadle Bamford, and I guarantee to give you, without a penny's charge, the closest shave you will ever know.

23 EXT. STREET -- DAY 23

Todd and Mrs. Lovett are walking away from the marketplace. She chatters happily:

MRS. LOVETT
... Like to give me a coronary right there! What if he had recognized you! Lord, my heart was beating a mile a minute, just like a little finch it was. Aren't those lovely birds now? Always so twittery and happy... *

She continues chattering...

But Todd is not listening.

His eyes dart to the side to see--

The Banker is walking next to him, whispering, subtle, insinuating... *

BANKER *
**Sweeney pondered and Sweeney planned.**
**Like a perfect machine 'e planned...**

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED: 23

The General moves in next to the Banker... *

GENERAL *
**Barbing the hook, baiting the trap,**
**Setting it out for the Beadle to snap...**

The Tourist joins them... *

TOURIST *
**Slyly courted 'im, Sweeney did,**
**Set a sort of a scene 'e did...**

TOURIST AND BANKER *
**Laying the trail, showing the traces,**
**Letting it lead to higher places...**
(simultaneously with General) *
**Sweeney pondered and Sweeney planned.** *
**Like a perfect machine 'e planned...** *

GENERAL *
(simultaneously with Tourist and Banker) *
**Laying the trail, showing the traces,** *
**Letting it lead to higher places...** *

TOURIST *
(simultaneously with Banker and General) *
**Slyly courted 'im, Sweeney did,** *
**Sweeney...** *

BANKER *
(simultaneously with Tourist and General) *
**Slyly courted 'im, Sweeney did,** *
**Set it like a machine,** *
**A sort of a scene 'e did,** *
**Did Sweeney...** *

GENERAL *
(simultaneously with Banker and Tourist) *
**Laying the trail, showing the traces,** *
**Letting it lead to higher places,** *
**Sweeney...** *

The last word echoes ... And then they are gone ... * disappearing from Todd's mind ... swallowed up by the crowd of pedestrians...

Todd looks to Mrs. Lovett and she continues chattering:

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED: (2) 23

MRS. LOVETT
... Suppose it's just me gentle heart, but I do hate to see a boy treated like that, no better than your Aunt Doreen's dog -- Mr. Todd, are you listening to me?

TODD
Of course.

But then his eyes dart again -- looking for the specters. He only sees strangers.

24 INT. JOHANNA'S ROOM -- MORNING 24

Johanna sits, framed by the window, quietly cutting out silhouettes. Aimless Victorian handicrafts.

But we see there are tears in her eyes.

She steals a glance across the room. We see a small hole in the wallpaper. Through this hole, the Judge is watching her from another chamber. Lascivious. Perverse.

Johanna finally stands and casually glances out from between the shutters at her window. She sees...

Anthony, standing at the park across the street, keeping up his lonely vigil, gazing up at the mansion.

She watches him for a moment and then makes her decision. She moves to a table and opens a drawer. Reaches in and removes something...

25 EXT. TURPIN'S MANSION -- MORNING 25

Anthony sees a figure at the shutters -- then hears a clinking sound. Metal on pavement.

He quickly moves across the street and looks...

A key, dropped from above.

He looks up to the shutters and smiles, then snatches up the key and hurries off.

26 INT. JOHANNA'S ROOM -- MORNING 26

Peering through the shutters, Johanna watches him go.

We linger on her face and then dissolve to another face, also watching...

27 INT. BARBER SHOP -- MORNING 27

... Her father.

Todd's face, staring out the window, intense and brooding. Seething with discontent.

Mrs. Lovett chatters as she moves around behind him:

MRS. LOVETT
... It's not much of a chair, I'll grant, but it'll serve. Was me poor Albert's chair. Sat in it all day long he did, after his leg give out from the gout, poor dear.

He moves from the window and paces like a caged tiger in the small barber shop.

Though it has been cleaned, it is still a spartan room. A tatty parlor chair. A large chest. A few counters with meager bottles of tonsorial supplies. And his gleaming razors, always waiting.

TODD
Why doesn't the Beadle come? "Before the week is out," that's what he said.

MRS. LOVETT
And who says the week's out? It's only Tuesday.

Todd moves away from her, she pursues, trying to calm and soothe him...

MRS. LOVETT
**Easy now.**
**Hush, love, hush.**
**Don't distress yourself,**
**What's your rush?**
**Keep your thoughts**
**Nice and lush.**
**Wait.**
(he continues to pace)
**Hush, love, hush.**
**Think it through.**
**Once it bubbles,**
**Then what's to do?**
**Watch it close.**
**Let it brew.**
**Wait.**

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED: 27

He does not respond. She dares to move closer...

MRS. LOVETT
**I've been thinking, flowers--**
**Maybe daisies--**
**To brighten up the room.**
**Don't you think some flowers,**
**Pretty daisies,**
**Might relieve the gloom?**
**Ah, wait, love, wait.**

Todd sourly tosses himself into the chair, he picks up his largest razor and looks at it intensely:

TODD
(to razor)
And the Judge? When will we get to him?

MRS. LOVETT
Can't you think of nothing else?
Always broodin' away on yer wrongs
what happened heaven knows how many
years ago...

**Slow, love, slow** *
**Time's so fast** *
**Now, goes quickly** *
**See, now it's past!** *
**Soon will come,** *
**Soon will last.** *
**Wait.** *
**Don't you know,**
**Silly man,**
**Half the fun is to**
**Plan the plan?**
**All good things come to**
**Those who can**
**Wait.**

Her gentle words have calmed him considerably. She moves even closer. Risks touching him softly...

MRS. LOVETT
**Gillyflowers, maybe,**
**'Stead of daisies...**
**I don't know, though...**
**What do you think?**

Then Todd tilts the razor in his hand--

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED: (2) 27

SUDDENLY -- the face of the GENTLEMAN -- a flash -- reflected in the razor--

Then--

A bell rings from outside the shop -- the effect is electric -- Todd bolts up, senses alert -- Mrs. Lovett spins to the door--

Todd holds his razor open as he moves strategically toward the door--

We hear footsteps ascending the stairs outside quickly--

Then--

Anthony enters, breathless

ANTHONY
Mr. Todd! Thank God I've found you --
(Todd turns, closing the razor, as Anthony sees Mrs. Lovett)
... Oh, I'm sorry, excuse me...

MRS. LOVETT
Mrs. Lovett, sir.

ANTHONY
A pleasure, ma'am --
(continues to Todd)
-- You see, there's a girl who needs my help -- such a sad girl, and lonely, but beautiful too and--

TODD
Slow down, Anthony.

ANTHONY
(takes a breath)
Yes, I'm sorry ... This girl has a guardian so tyrannical that he keeps her locked away. But then this morning she dropped this ...
(produces the key)
... It must be a sign that Johanna wants me to help her -- that's her name, Johanna -- and Turpin that of her guardian. A judge of some sort...

Todd and Mrs. Lovett exchange a quick glance as Anthony continues:

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED: (3) 27

ANTHONY
... I've met him, Mr. Todd, and he is -- unnatural ... Once he goes to court, I'm going to slip into the house and release her -- and beg her to come away with me. Tonight.

MRS. LOVETT
Oh, this is all terribly romantic.

ANTHONY
Yes, but -- you see -- I don't know anyone in London --
(to Todd)
-- and I need somewhere safe to bring her till I've hired a coach to take us to Plymouth.

He looks at Todd deeply:

ANTHONY
If I could keep her here, just for an hour or two, I would forever be in your debt.

Todd stares at him, his mind racing to figure out how this new twist might aid in his plans.

It is Mrs. Lovett who smoothly replies:

MRS. LOVETT
Bring her here, dear.

ANTHONY
Thank you, ma'am ...
(to Todd)
... Mr. Todd?

A beat.

TODD
The girl may come.

ANTHONY
(taking his hand)
Thank you, my friend.

He goes.

MRS. LOVETT
Seems like the fates are favoring you at last, Mr. T.
(Todd grunts, unhappy)
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED: (4) 27

MRS. LOVETT (cont'd)
What is it, love? You'll have her back before the day is out.

TODD
For a few hours? Before he carries her off to the other end of England?

MRS. LOVETT
Oh, him? Let him bring her here and then, since you're so hot for a little --
(makes a throat-cutting gesture)
-- that's the throat to slit, dear.

Todd moves again to his post at the window, he stares out, deep in thought.

Meanwhile, she happily moves around the shop, straightening things up and trying to make it all a bit more cozy:

MRS. LOVETT
Poor little Johanna. All those years without a scrap of motherly affection. Well, we'll soon see to that...

TODD
(alert, sees something)
What's this?

Mrs. Lovett joins him at the window. Below, they see Pirelli approaching with Toby in tow.

MRS. LOVETT
Look at that face, he's up to mischief.

TODD
Go -- keep the boy below with you.

She nods and scurries out. We go with her...

28 EXT. PIE SHOP -- DAY 28

... Mrs. Lovett quickly moves down the steps outside the barber shop to greet Pirelli and Toby as they are about to ascend.

We see a new sign on the stairs: "Sweeney Todd's Tonsorial Parlor."

PIRELLI
Signora, is Mr. Todd at home?

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED: 28

MRS. LOVETT
Plying his trade upstairs, don'tcher know ...
(she stands on the staircase, blocking their way, looking at Toby)
... Would you look at it, now! Don't look like it's had a kind word since half past never!

TOBY
Ma'am...?

MRS. LOVETT
(to Pirelli)
You wouldn't mind if I gave him a nice juicy meat pie, would yer?

PIRELLI
(impatient)
Yes, yes, whatever you like.

Pirelli climbs the stairs, as she takes Toby by the hand and leads him toward the pie shop door:

MRS. LOVETT
Come with me now. Your teeth is strong, I hope?

They go into the pie shop.

29 INT. BARBER SHOP -- DAY 29

Todd is standing, arms folded. Waiting. Pirelli enters.

PIRELLI
Mr. Todd.

TODD
Signor Pirelli.

PIRELLI
(reverting to his natural Irish)
Call me Danny. Daniel Higgins' the name when it's not professional ... I'd like me five quid back, if'n ya don't mind.

TODD
Why?

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED: 29

PIRELLI
Because you entered into our little wager on false pretenses, me friend ... And so you might remember to be more forthright in the future, you'll be handing over half your profits to me, share and share alike...

Todd shakes his head, amused, and begins to turn away when Pirelli says:

PIRELLI
... Mr. Benjamin Barker.

Todd freezes.

30 INT. PIE SHOP -- DAY 30

Mrs. Lovett hands Toby one of her grisly pies, he devours eagerly.

MRS. LOVETT
That's my boy, tuck in.

But her attention is almost entirely on the roof above ... the muffled voices .... the sound of shoes walking...

Her eyes keep darting up as she chatters distractedly with Toby:

MRS. LOVETT
Like to see a man with a healthy appetite. Reminds me of my dear Albert, like to gorge himself to bloatation, he did. He didn't have your nice full head though--

TOBY
To tell the truth --
(he pulls off the wig which covers his own short-cropped hair)
-- it gets awful hot.

31 INT. BARBER SHOP -- DAY 31

Pirelli is expansively strolling around the shop, taking it all in, savoring every second:

PIRELLI
... yes, this will do very nicely
... You don't remember me.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED: 31

PIRELLI (cont'd)
Well, why should you? I was just a down and out Irish pug you hired for a couple of weeks -- sweeping up hair and the like --
(He picks up one of Todd's razors)
But I remember these -- And how could I ever forget you, Benjamin Barker? I would sit right there and watch you, and dream of the day I could be a proper barber meself ... You might say you were an inspiration to me.

Todd glares at him.

PIRELLI
So, do we have a deal, or should I run down the street for me pal Beadle Bamford? What do you say to that now, Mr. Sweeney T--?

Without a word of warning--

Like a thunderbolt--

Todd is on him.

He leaps across the shop and brutally grabs Pirelli by the neck -- violently strangling him -- Pirelli is surprisingly strong and puts up a desperate struggle -- they thump awkwardly around the shop--

32 INT. PIE SHOP -- DAY 32

Mrs. Lovett hears the muffled sounds of the struggle above. She nervously begins to shift and clang some things around as she cleans the counter, trying to cover the sound, chattering:

MRS. LOVETT
My my my, always work to be done. Spic-and-span, that's my motto. Cleanliness is next to whatever-it-is. So, ah, how did you end up with that dreadful Eyetalian?

TOBY
(still eating happily)
Got me from the workhouse 'e did. Been there since I was born. Got no mum, got nobody. A wasted soul, that's what I am --
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED: 32

TOBY (cont'd)
(a sudden, urgent thought)
-- Oh God! He's got an appointment with his tailor--

He bolts up, clearly terrified of Pirelli--

TOBY
If he's late, he'll blame me--!

MRS. LOVETT
Wait--!

But he is gone--

33 EXT. PIE SHOP -- DAY 33

Toby vaults up the stairs to the barber shop--

34 INT. BARBER SHOP -- DAY 34

Todd is standing calmly when Toby bursts in--

TOBY
Signor, you got an appointment...

He stops when he realizes Pirelli is nowhere to be seen.

TODD
Signor Pirelli has been called away. You better run after him.

TOBY
Oh no, sir. I better wait for him here or it'll be a lashing. He's a great one for the lashings.

He moves past Todd to the large chest and sits--

Only now do we see one of Pirelli's hands protruding from the chest, dangling limply.

Toby doesn't notice it. Todd at this moment, however, does. He smiles nervously.

TODD
So, hmmm, Mrs. Lovett gave you a pie, did she?

TOBY
She's a real lady. Model of all true Christian virtue.

Then Pirelli's hand ... twitches.

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED: 34

Toby doesn't notice. Todd does, stares at it anxiously.

TODD
That she is ... that she is. But if I know a growing boy, there's still room for some more pie, eh?

TOBY
I'd say, sir -- (~~pats~~ his stomach) -- An aching void.

Pirelli's hand begins to ~~twitch~~ more desperately now, perilously close to where Toby's hand rests...

TODD
Then why don't you run downstairs and wait for ~~your master~~ there? There'll be another pie in it for you, I'm sure...

Pirelli's hand is twitching closer to Toby's now...

TOBY
No, I should ~~stay here~~. *

TODD
(a sudden inspiration)
I know -- why don't you tell Mrs. Lovett I said to give you a nice big tot of gin?

TOBY
(leaps up)
Gin, sir?! ~~Thanking~~ you kindly, sir! * You're a Christian indeed!

He races out happily and clatters down the stairs.

A beat as Todd gets his breath.

Then he goes to the trunk, leans down to open it, the camera follows him down and up again, when he rises--

The GENTLEMAN is standing right behind him!

Todd turns.

The Gentleman's face is ~~completely~~ impassive. He is not spectral. He does not disappear. He just stands there.

Todd looks at him.

Then the Gentleman's eyes ~~slowly~~ move to a counter...

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED: (2) 34

Todd follows his look to see...

His largest razor.

A long beat as Todd looks at the razor.

The point of no return.

Todd strides to the razor and he snaps it open with a sharp, quick flick of his wrist--

Then he moves to the chest and--

With great ferocity he hauls Pirelli up--

Pirelli's eyes snap open-- *

And Todd SLASHES his throat-- *

The piercing factory whistle SCREAMS--

Todd remains standing over Pirelli as the painful whistle echoes into music...

We see that the Gentleman is still standing there, watching Todd...

GENTLEMAN
**His hands were quick, his fingers strong.**
**It stung a little but not for long.**

The dashing Oxford Student is now leaning against a wall, arms folded, looking at Todd...

STUDENT
**And those who thought him a simple clod**
**Were soon reconsidering under the sod...**

The Tourist stands by the window...

TOURIST
**Consigned there with a friendly prod**

GENTLEMAN, STUDENT AND TOURIST *
**From Sweeney Todd,** *

TOURIST *
**The Demon Barber of Fleet Street.**

GENTLEMAN, STUDENT AND TOURIST
**See your razor gleam, Sweeney,**
**Feel how well it fits**

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED: (3) 34

GENTLEMAN *
(simultaneously with Student and Tourist) *
**As it floats across the throats**
**Of hypocrites.**

STUDENT *
(simultaneously with Gentleman and Tourist) *
**Feel,** *
**As it floats across the throats** *
**Of hypocrites.** *

TOURIST *
(simultaneously with Gentleman and Student) *
**How well it fits.** *
**It floats across the throats** *
**Of hypocrites.** *

The last word echoes to silence as we cut to: *

A high-angle shot of the room.

The ghosts are gone.

Todd stands alone over Pirelli's body. Blood dripping from his razor. Drip. Drip. Drip.

35 INT. OLD BAILEY -- DAY 35

Judge Turpin lurks over the proceedings.

He sits, the personification of power, very high at the bench. He glares down a wasted wretch of a BOY. The Beadle stands next to the boy.

JUDGE
This is the second time, sir, that you have been brought before this bench. Though it is my earnest wish to ever temper justice with mercy, your persistent dedication to a life of crime is an abomination before God and man.

He places a black cloth on his head:

JUDGE
I therefore sentence you to hang by the neck until you are dead and may the Lord have mercy on your soul.

The wretched boy collapses in sobs. The Beadle is pleased with the verdict.

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED: 35

The Judge removes the black cloth and tosses it casually on his desk:

JUDGE
This court is adjourned.

36 EXT. -- STREET -- OUTSIDE THE OLD BAILEY -- DAY 36

The Judge and the Beadle walk away from the impressive edifices of the Old Bailey.

BEADLE
Thank you, your Honor. Just the sentence we wanted.

JUDGE
Was he guilty?

BEADLE
Well, if he didn't do it, he's surely done something to warrant a hanging.

JUDGE
(quietly)
What man has not?

BEADLE
Sir?

JUDGE
No matter -- come, walk home with me. I have news for you, my friend. In order to shield her from the evils of this world, I have decided to marry my dear Johanna.

BEADLE
Ah, sir, happy news indeed.

JUDGE
Strange, though, when I offered myself to her she showed a certain ... reluctance.

The Beadle proceeds with exquisite and obsequious delicacy:

BEADLE
**Excuse me, my lord,**
**May I request, my lord,**
**Permission, my lord, to speak?**
**Forgive me if I suggest, my lord,**
**You're looking less than your best, my lord,**

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED: 36

**There's powder upon your vest, my lord.**
**And stubble upon your cheek,**
**And ladies, my lord, are weak.**

As they round a corner, the Judge feels his chin:

JUDGE
Stubble, you say? Perhaps at times I am a little overhasty with my morning ablutions...

BEADLE
(cheerily)
**Fret not though, my lord,**
**I know a place, my lord,**
**A barber, my lord, of skill.**
**Thus armed with a shaven face, my lord,**
**Some eau de cologne to brace my lord** *
**And musk to enhance the chase, my lord,**
**You'll dazzle the girl until...** *

JUDGE *
Until? *

BEADLE *
**She bows to your every will.**

JUDGE
A barber, eh? Take me to him.

BEADLE
I am honored, my lord. His name is Todd ... Sweeney Todd. And he is the very last word in barberin'.

They head off.

37 INT. PIE SHOP -- DAY 37

Mrs. Lovett is pouring Toby a glass of gin, not his first.

He gulps down the gin between ravenous bites of another meat pie as she nervously glances up to the ceiling, wondering what the hell is going on up there.

MRS. LOVETT
You ought to slow down a bit, lad. It'll go to your head.

TOBY
Weaned on the stuff, I was. They used to give it to us at the workhouse, so's we could sleep.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED: 37

TOBY (cont'd)
Not that you'd ever want to sleep in that place, ma'am. Not with the things wot happen in the dark.

MRS. LOVETT
That's nice, dear ... I think I'll just pop in on Mr. Todd for a tick. You'll be all right here?

TOBY
Leave the bottle.

She goes.

38 INT. BARBER SHOP -- DAY 38

Mrs. Lovett enters. Todd is methodically cleaning his razor.

MRS. LOVETT
Gawd, the lad is drinking me out of house and home, how long until Pirelli gets back?

TODD
He won't be back.

MRS. LOVETT
(instantly suspicious)
Mr. T., you didn't!

He casually points the razor toward the chest.

She lifts the lid and sees Pirelli's body at the bottom of the chest.

MRS. LOVETT
(spinning on Todd)
You're barking mad! Killing a man wot done you no harm!

TODD
He recognized me from the old days. He tried to blackmail me -- half my earnings.

MRS. LOVETT
(relieved)
Oh well, that's a different matter! For a moment there I thought you'd lost your marbles!

She looks into the chest again.

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED: 38

MRS. LOVETT
Ooooh! All that blood! Enough to make you come all over gooseflesh, ain't it? Poor bugger. Oh, well.

She starts to close the chest, then has an idea.

She reaches in and rummages around the body. Pulls out Pirelli's chatelaine purse, ~~then~~ drops the lid of the chest.

MRS. LOVETT
(looking through purse)
Three quid! Well, waste not, want not, I always say...
(she tucks the purse into her ~~dress~~)
... Now what are we going to do about the boy?

TODD
Send him up.

She stops, looks at him.

MRS. LOVETT
Oh, we don't need to worry about him, he's a simple thing. I'll pawn him off with some story.

TODD
(cold)
Send him up, woman.

MRS. LOVETT
(quickly)
Now, Mr. T., surely one's enough for today. Don't want to indulge yourself, after all ...
(she busily starts to straighten up the room)
... 'Sides, I was thinking about hiring a lad ~~to help~~ around the shop, me poor knees not being what they used to be.

Todd sighs and moves to his familiar post at the window:

TODD
Anything you say.

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED: (2) 38

MRS. LOVETT
'Course we'll have to stock up on the gin, the boy drinks like a Barbary sailor--

Todd suddenly gasps -- a great, shocking intake of breath as his whole body tenses like iron--

Mrs. Lovett spins to him--

TODD
The Judge.

Mrs. Lovett hurries to the window--

Below, they can see the Judge and the Beadle approaching. They see them exchanging a few words and then the Beadle moves off as the Judge approaches the shop--

Todd whispers, his eyes blazing:

TODD
Justice ... Justice.

Mrs. Lovett gives him a quick kiss and then very quickly leaves. A beat as Todd prepares himself.

He turns from the window and looks around the shop, shifting nervously. Now that his great moment of revenge is at hand, he doesn't quite know what to do with himself.

He snatches up his large razor, coils by the door, ready to attack. No. He wants to savor this. He quickly moves and puts the razor down.

Finally he just stands. All his demons settling into a bizarre sort of calm.

He hears the Judge's footsteps approaching on the stairs. Then the Judge enters.

JUDGE
Mr. Todd?

Todd slowly turns:

TODD
At your service ... An honor to receive your patronage, my lord.

JUDGE
You know me, sir?

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED: (3) 38

TODD
(a polite bow)
Who in this wide world is not familiar with the honored Judge Turpin?

The Judge grunts and glances around the shop:

JUDGE
These premises are hardly prepossessing and yet the Beadle tells me you are the most accomplished of all the barbers in the city.

TODD
That is gracious of him, sir ...
(indicates for the Judge to sit)
... Sit, if you please, sir. Sit.

The Judge settles into the parlor chair as music begins...

TODD
And what may I do for you today, sir? A stylish trimming of the hair? A soothing skin massage?

JUDGE
**You see, sir, a man infatuate with love,**
**Her ardent and eager slave.**
**So fetch the pomade and pumice stone**
**And lend me a more seductive tone,**
**A sprinkling perhaps of French cologne,**
**But first, sir, I think -- a shave.**

TODD
**The closest I ever gave.** *

He whips a sheet over the Judge, then tucks the bib in. The Judge hums, flicking imaginary dust off the sheet; Todd whistles gaily.

JUDGE
You're in a merry mood today, Mr. Todd.

TODD
(mixing lather)
**'Tis your delight, sir, catching fire**
**From one man to the next.**

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED: (4) 38

JUDGE
**'Tis true, sir, love can still inspire**
**The blood to pound, the heart leap higher.**

BOTH
**What more, what more can man require--**

JUDGE
**Than love, sir?**

TODD
**More than love, sir.**

JUDGE
**What, sir?**

TODD
**Women.**

JUDGE
**Ah yes, women.**

TODD
**Pretty women.**

The Judge hums jauntily, Todd whistles and starts stropping his razor rhythmically. He then lathers the Judge's face.

Still whistling, Todd stands back to survey the Judge, who is now totally relaxed, eyes closed.

Todd goes to his razor and picks it up, sings to it gently:

TODD
**Now then, my friend.**
**Now to your purpose.**
**Patience, enjoy it.**
**Revenge can't be taken in haste.**

JUDGE
(opening his eyes)
**Make haste, and if we wed,**
**You'll be commended, sir.**

TODD
**My lord...**
(Goes to him)
**And who, may it be said,**
**Is your intended, sir?**

JUDGE
**My ward.**

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED: (5) 38

A shocked tremor through Todd -- as the Judge closes his eyes again and settles in comfortably...

JUDGE
And pretty as a rosebud.

The music rises...

TODD
Pretty as her mother?

JUDGE
(mildly puzzled)
What? What was that?

TODD
Oh, nothing, ~~sir. Nothing~~. May we proceed?

The music builds as he ~~steps behind~~ the Judge-- his razor ready -- we are sure the great moment has come -- the music still builds -- Todd ~~finally puts~~ the razor at the Judge's throat--

Then--

With an easy flick of his wrist, he just begins to shave the Judge, as:

TODD
**Pretty women...**
**Fascinating...**
**Sipping coffee, Dancing...**
**Pretty women**
**Are a wonder.**
**Pretty women.**

**Sitting in the window or**
**Standing on the stair,**
**Something in them**
**Cheers the air.**

**Pretty women...**

JUDGE
**Silhouetted...**

TODD
**Stay within you...**

JUDGE
**Glancing...**

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED: (6) 38

TODD
**Stay forever...**

JUDGE
**Breathing lightly...**

TODD
**Pretty women...**

BOTH
**Pretty women!**
**Blowing out their candles or**
**Combing out their hair...**

They sing simultaneously:

JUDGE
**Then they leave...**
**Even when they leave you**
**And vanish, they somehow**
**Can still remain**
**There with you,**
**There with you.**

TODD
**Even when they leave,**
**They still**
**Are there.**
**They're there.**

BOTH
**Ah,**
**Pretty women...**

TODD
**At their mirrors...**

JUDGE
**In their gardens...**

TODD
**Letter-writing...**

JUDGE
**Flower-picking...**

TODD
**Weather-watching...**

BOTH
**How they make a man sing!**
**Proof of heaven**

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED: (7) 38

**As you're living--**
**Pretty women, sir!**

The music approaches a feverish crescendo as Todd prepares to finally kill the Judge and they sing simultaneously:

JUDGE
**Pretty women, yes!**
**Pretty women, sir!**
**Pretty women!**
**Pretty women, sir!**

TODD
**Pretty women, here's to**
**Pretty women, all the**
**Pretty women--**

Just as the music reaches a climax, Todd raises his arm in a huge arc and is about to slash the Judge's throat when--

Suddenly--

Anthony bursts in--

ANTHONY
Mr. Todd! I've seen Johanna! She said she'll leave with me tonight--!

The Judge jumps up, away from Todd--

JUDGE
You! -- There is indeed a higher power to warn me thus in time--

He tears off the sheet as he advances savagely on Anthony:

JUDGE
Johanna elope with you? Deceiving slut! -- I'll lock her up in some obscure retreat where neither you nor any other vile creature shall ever lay eyes on her again--!

He spins with venom to Todd:

JUDGE
And as for you, barber, it is all too clear what company you keep. Service them well and hold their custom -- for you'll have none of mine.

He strides out.

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED: (8) 38

Todd stands, frozen.

ANTHONY
Mr. Todd -- you have to help me --
I've talked to Johanna and--!

Todd suddenly turns on him with a ferocious ROAR:

TODD
OUT! OUT, I SAY!

Utterly stunned at his friend's ferocity, Anthony backs away, leaves the shop.

Music begins, very agitated, as Todd stands motionless.

In shock.

His mind cracking apart.

Mrs. Lovett hurries in:

MRS. LOVETT
All this shouting and running about, what's happened--?

TODD
I had him -- and then--

MRS. LOVETT
The sailor busted in, I know, I saw them both running down the street and I said--

Todd interrupts wildly:

TODD
**I had him!**
**His throat was bare**
**Beneath my hand--!**

MRS. LOVETT
There, there, dear. Don't fret--

TODD
(spins on her violently)
**No, I had him!**
**His throat was there,**
**And he'll never come again!**

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED: (9) 38

MRS. LOVETT
**Easy now.**
**Hush, love, hush.**
**I keep telling you--**

TODD
**When?!**

MRS. LOVETT
**What's your rush?**

TODD
**Why did I wait?**
**You told me to wait!**
**Now he'll never come again...**

The music becomes ferocious as Todd's wrenching insanity, always close to the surface, finally explodes:

TODD
**There's a hole in the world**
**Like a great black pit**
**And it's filled with people**
**Who are filled with shit**
**And the vermin of the world**
**Inhabit it--**
**But not for long!**

He suddenly looks to Mrs. Lovett -- she starts back -- alarmed by the pure madness in his eyes--

TODD
**They all deserve to die!**
**Tell you why, Mrs. Lovett,**
**Tell you why:**
**Because in all of the whole human race, Mrs. Lovett**
**There are two kinds of men and only two.**
**There's the one staying put**
**In his proper place**
**And the one with his foot**
**In the other one's face--**
**Look at me, Mrs. Lovett,**
**Look at you--**

He suddenly lurches and grabs Mrs. Lovett tightly--

TODD
**No, we all deserve to die!**
**Even you, Mrs. Lovett,** *
**Even I.** *
**Because the lives of the wicked should be--**

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED: (10) 38

(slashes at the air violently)
**Made brief.**
**For the rest of us, death**
**Will be a relief--**
**We all deserve to die!**

He clutches her to him very tightly as he suddenly keens, a howl of pure agony:

TODD
**And I'll never see Johanna,**
**No, I'll never hug my girl to me--**

He hurls Mrs. Lovett away from him--

TODD
**Finished!**

We suddenly slash to--

39 EXT. STREET -- DAY 39

--In Todd's mind.

We are moving with him as he stalks relentlessly, holding his razor, striding down a busy street like a tiger.

The many pedestrians he passes don't even notice him. He is invisible to them, a wolf among the sheep, as he beckons--

TODD
**All right! You, sir,**
**How about a shave?**
**Come and visit**
**Your good friend, Sweeney--!**

40 EXT. ANOTHER STREET -- DAY 40

Todd continues to stride, beckoning to another man:

TODD
**You, sir, too, sir--**
**Welcome to the grave!**
**I will have vengeance,**
**I will have salvation!**

41 EXT. ANOTHER STREET -- DAY 41

Todd continues to stride, beckoning to another man:

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED: 41

TODD
**Who, sir? You, sir?**
**No one's in the chair--** *
**Come on, come on,**
**Sweeney's waiting!**
**I want you bleeders!**

42 EXT. ANOTHER STREET -- DAY 42

Todd continues to stride, beckoning to another man:

TODD
**You, sir -- anybody!**
**Gentlemen, now don't be shy!**
**Not one man, no,**
**Nor ten men,**
**Nor a hundred**
**Can assuage me--**
**I will have you!**

43 EXT. ANOTHER STREET -- DAY 43

Todd continues to prowl...

TODD
**And I will get him back**
**Even as he gloats.**
**In the meantime I'll practice**
**On less honorable throats--**

44 EXT. ANOTHER STREET -- DAY 44

Todd suddenly falls to his knees, keening in anguish--

TODD
**And my Lucy lies in ashes**
**And I'll never see my girl again,**
**But the work waits, I'm alive at last**
(a final exalted cry)
**And I'm full of JOOOOOOY!!**

He raises his razor high on the soaring last note as we pull back ... our view is suddenly obscured by a strange, frenzied fluttering of black wings ... We continue to pull back ... We discover the black wings are pigeons, thousands of them, flying up in a great cloud...

We continue to pull back to finally discover that Todd is kneeling in the heart of a church square...

Empty but for him.

As his cry ends we slash back to--

45 INT. BARBER SHOP -- DAY 45

-- Todd is kneeling, sweat pouring through his clothes, panting for air.

Mrs. Lovett stands, looking down at him intently.

MRS. LOVETT
That's all very ~~well,~~ but what are we going to do about --
(kicks the ~~chest~~)
-- the dear departed?

Todd remains kneeling, motionless. She goes to him, firm:

MRS. LOVETT
Listen! Do you ~~hear me~~? Get a hold of yourself!

She slaps his cheek -- he ~~looks~~ up at her, barely seeing her.

MRS. LOVETT
Oh, you great ~~useless~~ thing, come on-
-

She hauls him up and drags him out...

46 INT. PIE SHOP -- DAY 46

She pulls him in.

MRS. LOVETT
Sit down.

He thumps down, still in his own dark world.

She quickly glances around ~~for~~ Toby and then goes into her parlor...

47 INT. PARLOR -- DAY 47

She discovers Toby is ~~asleep on~~ the sofa before the fire.

She quickly snatches up a bottle of gin from the sideboard and returns to the pie shop...

48 INT. PIE SHOP DAY 48

She pours Todd a tumbler ~~of gin~~, hands it to him:

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED: 48

MRS. LOVETT
There, drink it down -- all the way -- that's right ...
(he does so)
... Now, we got a body molderin' away upstairs, what do you intend we should do about that?

TODD
Later on, when it's dark, we'll take him to some secret place and bury him.

MRS. LOVETT
Well, yes, of course, we could do that. I don't suppose he's got any relatives going to come poking around looking for him...

A chord of music. A beat. An idea. He looks at her uncomprehendingly.

MRS. LOVETT
Well, you know me, sometimes bright ideas just pop right into my head, and I keep thinking...

**Seems a downright shame...**

TODD
Shame?

MRS. LOVETT
**Seems an awful waste...**
**Such a nice plump frame**
**Wot's-his-name**
**Has...**
**Had...**
**Has...**
**Nor it can't be traced.**
**Business needs a lift--**
**Debts to be erased--**
**Think of it as thrift,**
**As a gift...**
**If you get my drift...**
(Todd has no idea what she is talking about)
No?
(She sighs)
**Seems an awful waste.**
**I mean,**
**With the price of meat what it is,**

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED: (2) 48

**When you get it,**
**If you get it--**

Todd suddenly understands:

TODD
Ah!

MRS. LOVETT
**Good, you got it.**
(She warms to the idea)
**Take, for instance,**
**Mrs. Mooney and her pie shop.**
**Business never better, using only**
**Pussycats and toast.**
**And a pussy's good for maybe six or**
**Seven at the most.**
**And I'm sure they can't compare**
**As far as taste--**

TODD
**Mrs. Lovett,**
**What a charming notion,**

The music builds as they sing simultaneously:

TODD
**Eminently practical and yet**
**Appropriate as always.**
**Mrs. Lovett, how I've lived without you**
**All these years I'll never know!**
**How delectable!**
**Also undetectable.**

**How choice!**
**How rare!**

MRS. LOVETT
**Well, it does seem a**
**Waste...**
It's an idea...
**Think about it...**
**Lots of other gentlemen'll**
**Soon be coming for a shave,**
**Won't they?**
**Think of**
**All them**
**Pies!**

A triumphant waltz theme begins:

TODD
**For what's the sound of the world out there?**

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED: (3) 48

MRS. LOVETT
**What, Mr. Todd,**
**What, Mr. Todd,**
**What is that sound?**

TODD
**Those crunching noises pervading the air?**

MRS. LOVETT
**Yes, Mr. Todd,**
**Yes, Mr. Todd,**
**Yes, all around--**

TODD
**It's man devouring man, my dear,**

They sing simultaneously:

TODD
**And who are we**
**To deny it in here?**

MRS. LOVETT
**Then who are we**
**To deny it in here?**

Music continues under:

TODD
Ah, these are desperate times, Mrs. Lovett, and desperate measures are called for.

She goes to the counter and comes back with an imaginary pie:

MRS. LOVETT
Here we are now, hot out of the oven...

She holds the imaginary pie out to him with a sly and wicked smile.

TODD
What is that?

MRS. LOVETT
**It's priest.**
**Have a little priest.**

TODD
**Is it really good?**

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED: (4) 48

MRS. LOVETT
**Sir, it's too good,**
**At least.**
**Then again, they don't commit sins of the flesh,**
**So it's pretty fresh.**

TODD
(looking at it)
**Awful lot of fat.**

MRS. LOVETT
**Only where it sat.**

TODD
**Haven't you got poet**
**Or something like that?**

MRS. LOVETT
**No, you see the trouble with poet**
**Is, how do you know it's**
**Deceased?**
**Try the priest.**

TODD
("tasting" it)
Mmm. Heavenly.

MRS. LOVETT
Not as hearty as bishop, perhaps,
but not as bland as curate, either.

Mrs. Lovett presents another imaginary pie:

MRS. LOVETT
Lawyer's rather nice.

TODD
**If it's for a price.**

MRS. LOVETT
**Order something else, though, to follow,**
**Since no one should swallow**
**It twice.**

TODD
**Anything that's lean.**

MRS. LOVETT
**Well, then, if you're British and loyal,** *
**You might enjoy Royal**
**Marine.**

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED: (5) 48

**Anyway, it's clean.**
**Though, of course, it tastes of wherever it's been.**

TODD
(looking past her to imaginary oven)
**Is that squire**
**On the fire?**

MRS. LOVETT
**Mercy no, sir,**
**Look closer,**
**You'll notice it's grocer.**

TODD
**Looks thicker.**
**More like vicar.**

MRS. LOVETT
**No, it has to be grocer -- it's green.**

Todd laughs as the glorious waltz theme returns:

TODD
**The history of the world, my love--**

MRS. LOVETT
**Save a lot of graves,**
**Do a lot of relatives favors...**

TODD
**--Is those below serving those up above.**

MRS. LOVETT
**Everybody shaves,**
**So there should be plenty of flavors...**

TODD
**How gratifying for once to know--**

BOTH
(indicating barber shop above)
**--That those above will serve those down below!**

The music continues under:

MRS. LOVETT
Since marine doesn't appeal to you,
how about rear admiral?

TODD
Too salty. I prefer general.

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED: (6) 48

MRS. LOVETT
With or without his privates? --
"With" is extra.

Todd chortles as Mrs. Lovett offers another pie with a particular, flamboyant panache:

TODD
What is that?

MRS. LOVETT
**It's fop.**
**Finest in the shop.**
**Or we have some shepherd's pie peppered**
**With actual shepherd**
**On top.**
**And I've just begun.**
**Here's a politician -- so oily**
**It's served with a doily--**
**Have one?** *

TODD
**Put it on a bun.**
(She looks at him quizzically)
**Well, you never know if it's going to run.**

MRS. LOVETT
**Try the friar.**
**Fried, it's drier.**

TODD
**No, the clergy is really**
**Too coarse and too mealy.**

MRS. LOVETT
**Then actor--**
**That's compacter.**

TODD
**Yes, and always arrives overdone.**
(he is suddenly dark and purposeful)
**I'll come again when you**
**Have <u>Judge</u> on the menu...**

The music vamps deliciously as:

MRS. LOVETT
True, we don't have Judge -- yet --
but would you settle for the next
best thing?

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED: (7) 48

TODD
What's that?

She offers him a butcher's cleaver:

MRS. LOVETT
Executioner.

He takes the cleaver, feels the heft of it. Feels good.

Then he picks up her wooden rolling pin, hands it to her, as the music builds into the triumphant waltz:

TODD
**Have charity towards the world, my pet--** *

MRS. LOVETT
**Yes, yes, I know, my love--**

TODD
**We'll take the customers that we can get.**

MRS. LOVETT
**High-born and low, my love.**

TODD
**We'll not discriminate great from small.**
**No, we'll serve anyone--**

MRS. LOVETT
**We'll serve anyone--**

BOTH
**And to anyone**
**At all!**

The music builds to a climax as they joyously brandish their "weapons. "

49 INT. JOHANNA'S ROOM -- EVENING 49

Small, white hands ... removing some clothes from a drawer ... putting them into a portmanteau ... locking the case...

Johanna, wearing traveling clothes, is packing to leave when a voice surprises her:

JUDGE
So it's true.

She turns. The Judge stands in the doorway.

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED: 49

JOHANNA
Sir ... A gentlemen knocks before entering a lady's room.

JUDGE
Indeed he does ... But I see no lady.

He enters, dangerously quiet. And terrifically hurt.

JUDGE
I told myself the sailor was lying ... I told myself this was a cruel fiction ... That my Johanna would never betray me. Never hurt me so.

He moves toward her. She stands her ground.

JOHANNA
Sir ... I will leave this place.

JUDGE
I think that only appropriate. Since you no longer find my company to your liking, madam, we shall provide you with new lodgings.

He stands very close to her. Still she holds her ground.

JUDGE
Until this moment I have spared the rod ... And the ungrateful child has broken my heart. Now you will learn discipline...

The large form of the Beadle fills the doorway. She glances to him, disquieted.

JUDGE
When you have learned to appreciate what you have, perhaps we shall meet again. Until then ... Think on your sins.

He nods to the Beadle -- the Beadle surges forward and grabs Johanna brutally--

She screams and fights like a tiger -- to no avail--

The Beadle covers her mouth with one of his huge hands and hauls her out--

50 EXT. TURPIN'S MANSION -- EVENING 50

Anthony is racing toward the front of mansion when he sees--

A hansom cab is just pulling away -- Johanna's terrified face looking at him through the window--

ANTHONY
JOHANNA!

Anthony sees the Beadle pulling her away from the window as the carriage clatters off--

Judge Turpin stands on the steps of the mansion -- Anthony goes to him in a murderous rage:

ANTHONY
Where are you taking her?! Tell me or I swear by God--!

The Judge spins and roars -- a hellish howl that echoes--

JUDGE
WOULD YOU KILL ME, BOY?! HERE I STAND!

Anthony's eyes burn into the Judge -- but he is no killer.

He turns and races after the hansom cab. It rounds a corner and is gone.

The Judge watches as Anthony pursues the cab, disappearing around the corner.

And we fade to...

51 EXT. FLEET STREET -- DAY 51

...The face of the Beggar Woman.

She sits, crouched on her haunches, peering up from under her few greasy locks of hair.

She is watching something intently. A few pedestrians move quickly down the sidewalk past her, excited. They chatter back and forth eagerly...

The Beggar Woman uncoils and follows...

And we finally see what the Beggar Woman has been watching so intently...

52 EXT. PIE SHOP -- DAY 52

Mrs. Lovett's wretched establishment has been transformed!

She has created a modest outdoor eating garden with tables, surrounded by glowing Chinese lanterns. A fresh coat of paint, a few bushes in pots and birds in cages add to the feeling of upward mobility.

A new sign hangs proudly over the entrance to the pie shop: "MRS. LOVETT'S WORLD FAMOUS MEAT PIES!" And then in smaller letters: "LIKE MOTHER USED TO MAKE."

The eating garden is already crowded, the benches at the tables are filled and other customers stand and mill about.

All eating, eating, eating...

...The most delicious looking meat pies you could ever imagine. Crispy crust. Thick, luxurious gravy. Tart and tangy meat.

The customers take great, hungry mouthfuls; the steaming gravy oozing down greedy faces.

Chomp. Chomp. Chomp.

The Beggar Women stands across the street, ravenously hungry. She finally gets the nerve to approach when--

Toby -- wearing a spiffy new outfit with apron -- bursts from the shop and circulates through the customers:

TOBY
**Ladies and gentlemen,**
**May I have your attention, perlease?**
**Are your nostrils aquiver and tingling as well**
**At that delicate, luscious ambrosial smell?**
**Yes they are, I can tell...**

He moves through the greedily eating customers in the outdoor garden and toward the street as:

TOBY
**Well, ladies and gentlemen,**
**That aroma enriching the breeze**
**Is like nothing compared to its succulent source,**
**As the gourmets among you will tell you, of course.**

He arrives at the street and drums up some more business:

(CONTINUED)

52 CONTINUED: 52

TOBY
**Ladies and gentlemen,**
**You can't imagine the rapture in store--**
(Indicating the pie shop)
**Just inside of this door!**
**There you'll sample**
**Mrs. Lovett's meat pies,**
**Savory and sweet pies,**
**As you'll see.**
**You who eat pies,**
**Mrs. Lovett's meat pies**
**Conjure up the treat pies**
**Used to be!**

Just then Mrs. Lovett sweeps from the pie shop with a tray of hot, steaming pies.

Like her shop, she has been transformed as well. She wears her somewhat gauche notion of a "fancy dress." Buckets of decolletage. And her hair has been dyed a rather unique aubergine color.

MRS. LOVETT
Toby!

TOBY
Coming!
(pushing past a customer)
'Scuse me...

MRS. LOVETT
(indicating a beckoning customer)
Ale there!

TOBY
Right, mum!

MRS. LOVETT
Quick, now!

The customers suddenly exclaim their joy through awkward mouthfuls of pie:

CUSTOMERS
**God, that's good!**

Toby scurries inside to get a jug of ale, whisks back out and starts filling tankards as Mrs. Lovett circulates grandly.

(CONTINUED)

52 CONTINUED: (2) 52

She is a bundle of activity -- serving pies, collecting money, giving orders, addressing the patrons individually and with equal buoyant insincerity:

MRS. LOVETT
**Nice to see you, dearie...**
**How have you been keeping?...**
**Cor, me bones is weary!**
**Toby--!**
(Indicating a Customer)
**One for the gentleman...**
**Hear the birdies cheeping--**
**Helps to keep it cheery...**

She spots the Beggar Woman approaching and responds with unusual ferocity:

MRS. LOVETT
**Toby!**
Throw the old woman out!

CUSTOMERS
**God, that's good!**

Toby shoos the Beggar Woman away, but she soon comes skulking back.

MRS. LOVETT
(continuing to customers)
**What's your pleasure, dearie?...**
**No, we don't cut slices...**
**Cor, me eyes are bleary!...**
(As Toby is about to pour for a drunken customer)
**Toby!**
**None for the gentleman!...**
**I could up me prices--**
**I'm a little leery...**
**Business**
**Couldn't be better, though--**

CUSTOMERS
**God, that's good!**

MRS. LOVETT
**Knock on wood.**

She does.

53 INT. BARBER SHOP -- DAY 53

Music continues as Todd works busily. Sawing, drilling, screwing, hammering. Doing something we cannot see to his barber chair. Making adjustments, tinkering, building, feverish. Happy.

54 EXT. PIE SHOP -- DAY 54

Mrs. Lovett continues to circulate:

MRS. LOVETT
**What's your pleasure, dearie?**
(Spilling ale)
**Oops! I beg your pardon!**
**Just me hands is smeary--**
(Spotting a freeloader trying to sneak out without paying)
**Toby!**
**Run for the gentleman!**

Toby catches him, collects the money, as Mrs. Lovett turns to another customer:

MRS. LOVETT
**Don't you love a garden?**
**Always makes me teary...**
(Looking back at the freeloader)
**Must be one them foreigners--**

CUSTOMERS
**God, that's good that is delicious!**

MRS. LOVETT
**What's my secret?**
(To a woman)
**Frankly, dear -- forgive my candor--**
**Family secret,**
**All to do with herbs.**
**Things like being**
**Careful with your coriander,**
**That's what makes the gravy grander--!**

The customers are getting more rabid now -- stuffing in the gorgeous meat pies in great fistfuls--

CUSTOMERS
**More hot pies!**
**More hot!**
**More pies!**

55 INT. BARBER SHOP -- DAY 55

Music continues as Todd makes the final adjustments to his chair. He stands back. Seems delighted with the results of his tinkering. The ratty old parlor chair has been transformed into a sleek, Victorian barber chair -- with unique refinements.

He leaves the barber shop...

56 EXT. PIE SHOP -- DAY 56

Todd stands at the top of the stairs, watching the street hungrily. As, below, Mrs. Lovett smiles to another customer:

MRS. LOVETT
**Incidentally, dearie,**
**You know Mrs. Mooney.**
**Sales've been so dreary--**
(She spots the Beggar Woman again)
**Toby!**
(Continuing to the customer, about Mrs. Mooney)
**--Poor thing is penniless.**
(Indicating Beggar Woman to Toby)
**What about that loony?**
(To the customer as Toby shoos the Beggar Woman away again)
**Lookin' sort of beery--**
**Oh, well, got her comeuppance--**
(Hawklike, to a rising customer)
**And that'll be thruppence -- and**

CUSTOMERS
**God that's good that is de have you**

MRS. LOVETT
**So she should.**

CUSTOMERS
**Licious ever tasted smell such**
**Oh my God what more that's pies good!**

MRS. LOVETT AND TOBY
**Eat them slow and**
**Feel the crust, how thin I (she) rolled it!**
**Eat them slow, 'cos**

(CONTINUED)

56 CONTINUED: 56

**Every one's a prize!**
**Eat them slow, 'cos**
**That's the lot and now we've sold it!**

She hangs up a "Sold Out" sign.

MRS. LOVETT AND TOBY
**Come again tomorrow--!**

She spots a man in need of a shave approaching:

MRS. LOVETT
**Hold it--**

CUSTOMERS
**More hot pies!**

MRS. LOVETT
**Bless my eyes--!**

She sees the man going up to the barber shop. Todd is still standing at the top of the stairs. He smiles secretly to Mrs. Lovett as he ushers the man in.

MRS. LOVETT
**Fresh supplies!**

The man goes into the barber shop as she happily takes down the "Sold Out" sign and turns again to the customers:

MRS. LOVETT
**How about it, dearie?**
(expecting more pies)
**Be here in a twinkling!**
**Just confirms me theory--**
**Toby--!**
**God watches over us.**
**Didn't have an inkling...**
**Positively eerie...**

TOBY
(simultaneous with above)
**Is that a pie**
**Fit for a king,**
**A wondrous sweet**
**And most delectable**
**Thing?**
**You see, ma'am, why**
**There is no meat pie--**

CUSTOMERS
(simultaneous with above)

(CONTINUED)

56 CONTINUED: (2) 56

**Yum!**
**Yum!**
**Yum!**
**Yum! Yum!**
**Yum!**

Mrs. Lovett then spots the Beggar Woman approaching again, she spins to Toby with truly shocking viciousness:

MRS. LOVETT
**Toby!**
**Throw the old woman out!**

Mrs. Lovett watches intently as Toby leads the Beggar Woman away.

The Customers, meanwhile, are building to a pure frenzy of mastication -- chewing and gulping and snapping at the heavenly pies:

CUSTOMERS
**God, that's good that is de have you**
**Licious ever tasted smell such**
**Oh my God what perfect more that's**
**Pies such flavor**
**God, that's good!!**

The music comes to a rousing conclusion as Mrs. Lovett stands at the door to her shop. Triumphant.

57 INT. BARBER SHOP -- NIGHT 57 *

Todd is alone. He sits in the barber chair, smoking a pipe. *

He is holding an old Daguerreotype; creased, stained and bleached-out. *

The image shows his wife, Lucy, smiling and holding Baby Johanna. The child's features are almost completely obscured by a stain on the picture. *

He looks at it deeply.

Then church bells echo in the distance...

58 EXT. MAYFAIR -- NIGHT 58

... The church bells continue as we discover Anthony, searching through the streets for Johanna. We see him in long shot as he moves through the contours of the city.

He starts his search in a luxurious area of wealth. His journey through the city will take him lower and lower, into the darkest corners of London.

(CONTINUED)

58 CONTINUED: 58

ANTHONY
**I feel you, Johanna,**
**I feel you.**
**Do they think that walls can hide you?**
**Even now I'm at your window.**
**I am in the dark beside you,**
**Buried sweetly in your yellow hair,**
**Johanna...**

He continues walking...

59 INT. BARBER SHOP -- NIGHT 59 *

...Todd gazes quietly at the Daguerreotype:

TODD
**Johanna...**

**And are you beautiful and pale,**
**With yellow hair, like her?**
**I'd want you beautiful and pale,**
**The way I've dreamed you were...**

60 EXT. DOCKS -- NIGHT 60

...We see the figure of Anthony, walking along the docks.

TODD (V.O.)
**Johanna...**

ANTHONY
**Johanna...**

61 INT. BARBER SHOP -- DAY 61

...Todd shaves a customer. We recognize the customer instantly: it is the GENTLEMAN.

The Daguerreotype now rest on the counter. *

Todd remains wistful, detached, dream-like.

TODD
**And if you're beautiful, what then,**
**With yellow hair, like wheat?**
**I think we shall not meet again--**
(He quietly slits the Gentleman's throat)
**My little dove, my sweet...**

62 EXT. SPITALFIELDS MARKET -- DAY 62

...We see the figure of Anthony, walking past hanging carcasses of the busy meat market.

TODD (V.O.)
**Johanna...**

ANTHONY
**I'll steal you,**
**Johanna...**

63 INT. BARBER SHOP -- DAY 63

...The dead Gentleman is slumped in the chair.

TODD
**Goodbye, Johanna,**
**You're gone, and yet you're mine.**
**I'm fine, Johanna,**
**I'm fine!**

He pulls a lever on the newly adjusted chair -- the chair becomes a slide -- and the Gentleman disappears through a trapdoor in the floor, down a chute -- Todd pulls the lever again and the chair returns to its normal position.

64 EXT. SLUM -- DAY 64

...We see Anthony moving past a crowded tenement, redolent of cholera.

ANTHONY
**Johanna...**

65 INT. BAKEHOUSE STEPS -- DUSK 65

...Music continues as Mrs. Lovett descends a long and very claustrophobic series of steps down to the bakehouse. She unbolts and pulls aside a heavy iron door and enters.

We remain outside. A fiery red glow spills out -- the roar of the oven within is thundering.

66 EXT. FLEET STREET -- DUSK 66

...The Beggar Woman stands on Fleet Street. The hellish metropolis glows, the smoke from a thousand chimneys creating a great pall over the city.

BEGGAR WOMAN
(in a demented rage)
**Smoke! Smoke!**

(CONTINUED)

66 CONTINUED: 66

**Sign of the devil! Sign of the devil!**
**City on fire!**
(to disgusted passers-by)
**Witch! Witch!**
**Smell it, sir! An evil smell!**
**Every night at the vespers bell--**
**Smoke that comes from the mouth of hell--**
**City on fire!**
**City on fire...**
(She begins to scuttle off)
**Mischief! Mischief! Mischief...**

67 INT. BARBER SHOP -- DUSK 67

...The red glow of sunset fills the shop as Todd ushers in another customer, and prepares to shave him:

TODD
**And if I never hear your voice,**
**My turtledove, my dear,**
**I still have reason to rejoice:**
**The way ahead is clear...**

68 EXT. ALLEY -- DUSK 68

...We see the figure of Anthony moving down a dark alley. Shadowy figures lurk along the alley walls.

TODD (V.O.)
**Johanna...**

ANTHONY
**I feel you...**
**Johanna...**

69 INT. BARBER SHOP -- DUSK 69

...Todd continues to prepare to shave the customer:

TODD
**And in that darkness when I'm blind**
**With what I can't forget--**
**It's always morning in my mind,**
**My little lamb, my pet...**

70 EXT. GRAVEYARD -- DUSK 70

...We see Anthony moving past an lonely graveyard.

TODD (V.O.)
**Johanna...**

(CONTINUED)

70 CONTINUED: 70

ANTHONY
**Johanna...**

71 INT. BARBER SHOP -- DUSK 71

TODD
**You stay, Johanna...**
(He quietly cuts the customer's throat)
**The way I've dreamed you are.**
(Todd notices dusk outside the window)
**Oh look, Johanna-,**
(Pulls the lever and the customer disappears)
**A star!**
(Tossing the customer's hat down the chute)
**A shooting star!**

72 EXT. GRAVEYARD -- DUSK 72

...Anthony continues to move past the graveyard.

ANTHONY
**Buried sweetly in your yellow hair...**

73 INT. BAKEHOUSE STEPS -- DAY 73

...Music continues as Mrs. Lovett emerges from the bakehouse with a rack of hot pies.

She walks out of frame, up the steps, as we push in on the crack in the door. The fiery roar of the oven within is overpowering.

74 EXT. FLEET STREET -- DAY 74

...The Beggar Woman is scuttling madly along Fleet Street.

BEGGAR WOMAN
(pointing to the smoke over rooftops)
**There! There!**
**Somebody, somebody look up there!**
(the passers-by continue to ignore her)
**Didn't I tell you? Smell that air?**
**City on fire!**

She approaches the pie shop, the agitated music matching her increasing frenzy. She grabs a stunned Toby -- who is carrying some packages toward the pie shop:

(CONTINUED)

74 CONTINUED: 74

BEGGAR WOMAN
(panicked)
**Quick, sir! Run and tell!**
**Warn 'em all of the witch's spell!**
**There it is, there it is, the unholy smell!**
**Tell it to the Beadle and the police as well!**
**Tell 'em! Tell 'em!**

She spots Mrs. Lovett emerging from the pie shop and explodes in desperation, pointing madly:

BEGGAR WOMAN
**Help!!! Fiend!!!**
**City on fire!!!**

Toby pulls away from her, as she begins to scuttle off:

BEGGAR WOMAN
**City on fire...**
**Mischief ... Mischief ... Mischief... Fiend...** *

She appeals to other pedestrians as she goes:

BEGGAR WOMAN
**Alms! ... Alms! ...**

Toby turns to consider the horrible black smoke belching * from the chimney of the pie shop. Something about the foul, ebony smoke troubles him.

75 INT. BARBER SHOP -- DAY 75

...Todd is standing alone, contemplative, slowly and methodically stropping his razor.

TODD
**And though I'll think of you, I guess,**
**Until the day I die,**
**I think I miss you less and less**
**As every day goes by...**

76 EXT./INT. LIMEHOUSE -- DAY 76 *

...We see the figure of Anthony trudging past the sinister opium dens and depraved taverns of the East End.

TODD (V.O.)
**Johanna...**

ANTHONY
**Johanna...**

77 INT. BARBER SHOP -- DAY 77

...Todd completes shaving a customer. The customer's wife and daughter are waiting.

TODD
**And you'd be beautiful and pale,**
**And look too much like her.**
**If only angels could prevail,**
**We'd be the way we were.**
**Johanna...**

The customer pays. With a pleasant smile, Todd ushers them out..

78 EXT. ASYLUM -- NIGHT 78

...Anthony wanders past the high and impenetrable walls of a madhouse, the demented souls within can be seen moving about in silhouette behind barred windows.

ANTHONY
**I feel you...**
**Johanna...**

Something makes him stop. He turns to consider the asylum...

79 INT. BARBER SHOP -- MORNING 79 *

...Todd shaves another customer. A beautiful morning outside the window. * *

TODD
**Wake up, Johanna!**
**Another bright red day!**
(He slits the customer's throat) * *
**We learn, Johanna,**
**To say...**
**Goodbye...**

As the note continues, he pulls the lever and the customer disappears down the chute... * *

80 EXT. ASYLUM -- MORNING 80 *

...Anthony stares up at the asylum.

ANTHONY
**I'll steal you...**

81 INT. BARBER SHOP -- MORNING 81 *

...As the music concludes, Todd picks up the faded Daguerreotype and again sits in his barber chair. *

He gazes at the picture, lost in reverie. *

82 EXT. HAMPSTEAD HEATH -- DAY 82

Mrs. Lovett and Todd rest on a picnic blanket, just like any other couple out enjoying the fine day.

The remains of a nice picnic lunch are scattered around them and Toby can be seen flying a kite a bit away.

Mrs. Lovett watches happy couples moving about ... dogs and kids running hither and yon ... military officers squiring their ladies ... nurses with prams...

Todd is distinctly ill at ease, brooding, as she chatters:

MRS. LOVETT
... which is not to say we couldn't get some nice taxidermy animals to bring a touch of gentility to the place. You know, a boar's head or two...
(glancing at the unresponsive Todd)
Mr. T., are you listening to me?

TODD
Of course.

MRS. LOVETT
Then what did I just say?

TODD
(back in his somber reflections)
There must be a way to the Judge!

MRS. LOVETT
(snaps)
The bloody old Judge! Always harping on the bloody old Judge!
(she massages his neck)
We got a nice respectable business now, money coming in regular and -- since we're careful to pick and choose -- only strangers and such like wot won't be missed -- who's going to catch on?

(CONTINUED)

82 CONTINUED: 82

No response from Todd. She leans across and pecks him on the cheek:

MRS. LOVETT
**Oooh, Mr. Todd--**
(Kisses him again)
**I'm so happy--**
(Again)
**I could--**
(Again)
**Eat you up, I ~~really~~ could!**
**You know what ~~I'd like~~ to do, Mr. Todd?**
(Kisses him)
**What I dream--**
(Again)
**If the business stays as good,**
**Where I'd ~~really like~~ to go--**
(No response)
**In a year or so...**
(No response)
**Don't you want to know?**

TODD
(couldn't ~~care less~~)
Of course.

MRS. LOVETT
**Do you really want to know?**

TODD
(forces a pained smile)
Yes, yes, I do. I do.

The music continues as she ~~leans~~ back comfortably, beginning to imagine a ~~wonderful~~, domestic future...

MRS. LOVETT
I've always had ~~this~~ dream of living at the seaside ... I got a picture postcard from me ~~Aunt~~ Nettie once. Oh, it seems like ~~such~~ a grand place...
(notes Toby ~~flying~~ his kite)
And all that ~~fresh~~ aquatic air's bound to be ~~good~~ ~~for~~ the lad's poxy lungs...

**By the sea, Mr. Todd,**
**That's the ~~life~~ I ~~covet~~;**
**By the sea, ~~Mr. Todd~~,**
**Ooh, I know ~~you'd love~~ it!**
**You and me, ~~Mr. T.~~,**

(CONTINUED)

82 CONTINUED: (2) 82

**We could be alone**
**In a house wot we'd almost own**
**Down by the sea...**

TODD
(grumbles)
Anything you say.

**MRS. LOVETT**
**Wouldn't that be smashing?**

And we go to...

83 EXT. BEACH -- DAY 83

...In Mrs. Lovett's mind.

She and Todd sit in the ~~exact same~~ positions as in Hampstead Heath. Only now they are sitting on a beach.

They are wearing what she imagines as fashionable seaside bathing clothes.

Toby, who is not consumptively pale but overly rosy-cheeked in her fantasy, is building a sandcastle nearby.

Mrs. Lovett is sitting with her Dream Todd, of course, so he has a bland smile on his face. Somewhat unnatural.

In fact, there is something vaguely unreal and stilted about all of this.

MRS. LOVETT (V.O.)
**With the sea at our gate,**
**We'll have kippered herring**
**Wot have swum to us straight**
**From the Straits of Bering.**
**Every night in the kip**
**When we're through our kippers,**
**I'll be there slippin' off your slippers**
**By the sea...**
**With the fishies splashing.**
**By the sea...**
**Wouldn't that be smashing?**
**Down by the sea--**

TODD (V.O.)
**Anything you say,**
**Anything you say.**

84 EXT. BOARDWALK -- DAY 84

Mrs. Lovett strolls with Todd on a boardwalk. Artificially lovely couples, like rotogravure magazine pictures, move about.

Toby runs along ahead of them.

MRS. LOVETT (V.O.)
**I can see us waking,**
**The breakers breaking,**
**The seagulls squawking:**
**Hoo! Hoo!**
**I do me baking,**
**Then I go walking**
**With yoo-hoo...**
(she waves to Toby)
**Yoo-hoo...**

85 EXT. BOARDWALK -- DAY 85

Mrs. Lovett and Todd recline on comfortable deck chairs, having tea and scones.

MRS. LOVETT (V.O.)
**I'll warm me bones**
**On the esplanade**
**Have tea and scones**
**With me gay young blade...**

86 EXT. SEASIDE COTTAGE, PORCH -- DAY 86

Mrs. Lovett's notion of a fashionable little seaside cottage. Crushing in its bourgeois blandness.

She is making Toby try on a sweater. Todd is writing a letter.

MRS. LOVETT (V.O.)
**Then I'll knit a sweater**
**While you write a letter...**

87 EXT. BEACH -- DAY 87

Back on the beach, she cuddles into Todd:

MRS. LOVETT (V.O.)
(Coyly)
**Unless we got better**
**To do-hoo...**

TODD (V.O.)
Anything you say...

88 INT. SEASIDE COTTAGE -- NIGHT 88

Mrs. Lovett and Todd snuggle into bed:

MRS. LOVETT (V.O.)
**Think how snug it'll be**
**Underneath our flannel**
**When it's just you and me**
**And the English Channel...**

89 INT. SEASIDE COTTAGE -- EVENING 89

Mrs. Lovett and Todd entertain some unnaturally jolly chums.

MRS. LOVETT (V.O.)
**In our cozy retreat,**
**Kept all neat and tidy,**
**We'll have chums over every Friday...**

90 EXT. BEACH -- DAY 90

Back on the beach.

MRS. LOVETT (V.O.)
**By the sea...**

TODD (V.O.)
**Anything you say...**

Toby pulls Mrs. Lovett over to examine his little sandcastle as:

MRS. LOVETT (V.O.)
**Don't you love the weather**
**By the sea?**
**We'll grow old together**
**By the seaside,**
(Beckons to Todd to join them)
**Hoo! Hoo!**
**By the beautiful sea!**

Music continues as Todd joins them. He kneels with Toby to help him work on the sandcastle. Mrs. Lovett stands, watching them, the picture of the doting mother.

MRS. LOVETT (V.O.)
**It'll be so quiet**
**That who'll come by it**
**Except a seagull?**
**Hoo! Hoo!**
**We shouldn't try it,**

(CONTINUED)

90 CONTINUED: 90

**Though, till it's legal,**
**For two-hoo!**

91 INT. SEASIDE CHAPEL -- DAY 91

Mrs. Lovett and Todd getting married. This being her fantasy, after all, she wears white. Todd is in a constricting morning coat with a rakish top hat. Toby, the best man, watches proudly.

MRS. LOVETT (V.O.)
**But a seaside wedding**
**Could be devised,**
**Me rumpled bedding**
**Legitimized.**

They exchange vows and kiss.

MRS. LOVETT (V.O.)
**My eyelids'll flutter,**
**I'll turn into butter,**
**The moment I mutter**
**"I do-hoo!"**

92 INT. SEASIDE COTTAGE -- MORNING 92

Mrs. Lovett is placing a plate of kippers on the table amidst a proper English breakfast. A guest stands, leaning against a wall, waiting to eat.

MRS. LOVETT (V.O.)
**By the sea, in our nest,**
**We could share our kippers**
**With the odd paying guest**
**From the weekend trippers,**
**Have a nice sunny suite**
**For the guest to rest in--**

A dark shape quickly moves past the guest -- Todd -- then the guest slides down the wall -- a splash of blood on the wallpaper-

MRS. LOVETT (V.O.)
**Now and then, you could do the guest in--**

93 EXT. BEACH -- SUNSET 93

Back at the beach, Mrs. Lovett, Todd and Toby sit comfortably. Watching an unnaturally gorgeous sunset.

A picture postcard of a happy family.

(CONTINUED)

93 CONTINUED: 93

MRS. LOVETT (V.O.)
**By the sea.**
**Married nice and proper,**
**By the sea--**
**Bring along your chopper**
**To the seaside,**
**Hoo! Hoo!**
**By the beautiful sea!**

The music concludes as she throws her arms affectionately around her two men.

We cut back to--

94 EXT. HAMPSTEAD HEATH -- DAY 94

--Mrs. Lovett is sitting ~~in the~~ exact same position with Todd. Silence.

Her smile fades as she ~~considers~~ him. The grim, brooding reality is so clear next to her lovely dream.

She watches him in silence as we fade to...

95 INT. BARBER SHOP -- MORNING 95

Todd is standing at his usual post, the window, gazing intently down at Fleet Street.

Mrs. Lovett enters with ~~a tray of~~ food:

MRS. LOVETT
Brought you some breakfast, dear, farm fresh eggs ~~and~~ a dollop of lovely clotted cream, only the best for my...

She stops when he realizes ~~he~~ isn't even listening to her. Her heart sinks seeing him at the window, wearing his obsession like a cloak.

A beat as she looks at him.

MRS. LOVETT
Mr. T., might I ask you a question?

TODD
(not turning)
Mm?

MRS. LOVETT
What did your Lucy look like?

(CONTINUED)

95 CONTINUED: 95

He turns to her.

MRS. LOVETT
You heard me ... (a beat) ... Can't really remember can you?

TODD
She had yellow hair.

He turns back to the window.

Mrs. Lovett proceeds with great sincerity:

MRS. LOVETT
You've got to leave all this behind you now. She's gone ... You keep looking down into the grave, you're never gonna look up. And life will just pass right by ... Life is for the alive, my dear.

He does not answer.

MRS. LOVETT
We could have a life we two ... Maybe not like I dreamed, maybe not like you remember ... But we could get by.

He does not answer.

MRS. LOVETT
Come away from the window.

A long beat.

He finally turns from the window. Almost as if to leave his demons behind...

She smiles quietly and holds out her hand...

She begins to cross to him...

SUDDENLY REVEALING--

The Gentleman!

Standing right behind Mrs. Lovett--

He is glaring at Todd, relentless and accusatory--

Blood pouring from his throat--

(CONTINUED)

95 CONTINUED: (2) 95

A shocking horror movie vision--

Then the bell rings outside the shop ... Todd turns ... the Gentleman is gone ... we hear footsteps climbing the stairs...

Mrs. Lovett remains standing, her hand out to him, as--

Anthony enters, absolutely ~~exhausted~~.

ANTHONY
Mr. Todd ... Mrs. Lovett, ma'am ... (sinks into a chair) ... Seems I've not slept in a week -- but it's done- -

TODD
What is it, Anthony?

ANTHONY
(bitter)
He has her ~~locked in a~~ madhouse.

Todd's head snaps to Anthony, riveted:

TODD
You've found Johanna?

ANTHONY
For all the ~~good it'll~~ do -- it's impossible to get to her.

Todd begins pacing, the tiger again, his mind is racing--

TODD
A madhouse ... A madhouse ... Where?

ANTHONY
Fogg's Asylum. But I've circled the place a dozen ~~times~~. There's no way in. It's a fortress.

Anthony fades to a ~~brooding~~ silence as Todd continues pacing, thinking, thinking. Mrs. Lovett watches him, concerned.

Todd suddenly stops...

We see him settling into an inspired sort of calm, as if he can finally see the Promised Land.

(CONTINUED)

95 CONTINUED: (3) 95

TODD
(a whisper)
I've got him.

ANTHONY
Mr. Todd?

TODD
(to Anthony)
We've got her ... Where do you suppose all the wigmakers of London go to obtain their human hair? Bedlam. They get their hair from the lunatics at Bedlam--

ANTHONY
I don't understand--

Todd suddenly grabs Anthony and hauls him up -- holds him close, forehead to forehead -- his whispered intensity truly disturbing:

TODD
We shall set you up as a wigmaker's apprentice in search of hair -- that will gain you access -- then you will take her.

ANTHONY
Yes...

TODD
You will not be deterred -- You will slaughter the world -- To bring her here.

ANTHONY
Yes.

Mrs. Lovett watches, troubled, as Todd embraces Anthony closely. He holds him for a long beat.

Then Todd is all action, hurries to get some money and gives it to Anthony, as:

TODD
Go and outfit yourself properly -- you are to be a real apprentice. When you return we shall dispatch a letter to this Mr. Fogg announcing your arrival. Go -- quickly now!

(CONTINUED)

95 CONTINUED: (4) 95

ANTHONY
(clasping Todd's hand)
Mr. Todd -- how can I ever--?

TODD
Go!

Anthony hurries out.

Todd immediately hurls himself into a chair and begins writing a letter, his violent scrawl slashing across the page.

MRS. LOVETT
Dear, I wonder if--

TODD
Fetch the boy.

MRS. LOVETT
Don't you think it's time you--

TODD
Fetch the boy.

Mrs. Lovett goes...

96 EXT. PIE SHOP -- MORNING 96

Mrs. Lovett begins going down the stairs outside the barber shop.

Then she stops. She stands for a long moment, disturbed that Todd's demons are again devouring him.

She looks down and sees Toby washing the tables in the outdoor garden. Toby is serious about his work, vigorously scrubbing the tables with soap and water.

She watches him for a moment and then continues down the steps:

MRS. LOVETT
Toby ... Mr. Todd requires you.

TOBY
Yes'm.

He goes up the steps. She just stands, deep in thought.

97 INT. BARBER SHOP -- MORNING 97

Todd is finishing the letter as Toby enters:

(CONTINUED)

97 CONTINUED: 97

TOBY
Mr. T.?

TODD
(still writing)
You know where the Old Bailey is?

TOBY
Oh, yes, sir. Not ~~that~~ I ever--

TODD
(interrupts, folding up letter)
Take this there and seek out a Judge Turpin. Repeat ~~that~~. Repeat that.

TOBY
Go to the Old Bailey. Find Judge Turpin.

TODD
(handing ~~him letter~~)
Put this into ~~his hands~~. Only to him. Do you understand?

TOBY
Yes, sir, and while I'm out do you mind if I stop by the grocer and pick up the--

Todd pounces like a panther--

He suddenly leaps up and grabs Toby by the throat with shocking brutality--

TODD
DON'T CHATTER, BOY! You are not to stop! You are ~~not to~~ speak! You are to deliver this letter! DO YOU UNDERSTAND?!

Toby is stunned and terrified. It is the first time he has seen this side of his ~~friend, Mr~~. Todd.

Todd releases him. Toby races out.

Todd immediately begins pacing like a caged animal, back and forth, back and forth, whispering to himself neurotically, as day becomes evening... *

98-100 OMITTED, SCENES 98, 99 & 100 98-100 *

101 EXT. PIE SHOP -- EVENING 101 *

Toby walks back to the pie shop, upset.

He stops when he sees Todd at the window above, unblinking, gazing like a falcon into the street.

He continues on to Mrs. Lovett, who is clearing up the remains of a meal in the outdoor garden.

MRS. LOVETT
Where you been, lad? We had quite the luncheon rush! Me poor bones is ready to drop...
(She looks at him, notes his dark expression.)
What is it, Toby?

He sits. She sits next to him.

TOBY
Mr. Todd sent me on an errand ...
And on the way back I went by the workhouse. And I was thinkin' ... *
But for you I would be there now. Or someplace worse.

A beat.

TOBY
Seems like the Good Lord sent you for me.

MRS. LOVETT
Oh, love, I feel quite the same way--

TOBY
Hear me out, mum ... You know there's nothing I wouldn't do for you. Say, if there was someone around -- someone bad -- only you didn't know it--

MRS. LOVETT
(concerned)
What is this? What are you talking about?

TOBY
**Nothing's gonna harm you,**
**Not while I'm around.**
**Nothing gonna harm you,**

(CONTINUED)

101 CONTINUED: 101

**No, sir,**
**Not while I'm around...**

MRS. LOVETT
What do you mean, "someone bad"?

TOBY
**Demons are prowling**
**Everywhere**
**Nowadays.**
**I'll send 'em howling,**
**I don't care--**
**I got ways.**

MRS. LOVETT
Darling, hush now, there's no need for this...

TOBY
**No one's gonna hurt you,**
**No one's gonna dare.**
**Others can desert you--**
**Not to worry--**
**Whistle, I'll be there.**
**Demons'll charm you**
**With a smile**
**For a while,**
**But in time**
**Nothing can harm you,**
**Not while I'm around.**

Music continues:

MRS. LOVETT
What is this foolishness now? What are you talking about?

TOBY
Little things wot I been thinking ... About Mr. Todd...

**Not to worry, not to worry,**
**I may not be smart but I ain't dumb.**
**I can do it,**
**Put me to it,**
**Show me something I can overcome.**
**Not to worry, mum.**

He leans into her, she puts her arms around him, but her expression is deeply troubled.

TOBY
**Being close and being clever**
**Ain't like being true,**

(CONTINUED)

101 CONTINUED: (2) 101

**I don't need to,**
**I won't never**
**Hide a thing from you,**
**Like some.**

Music continues as she nervously comforts him:

MRS. LOVETT
Now, Toby dear, haven't we had enough of this foolish chatter? ...
(reaching for her purse)
... Here, how about I give you a shiny new penny and you can fetch us some nice toffees--?

She pulls Pirelli's chatelaine purse from her dress--

TOBY
That's Signor Pirelli's purse!

MRS. LOVETT
No, no, love -- this is just something Mr. T. give me for my birthday--

TOBY
See that proves it -- what I been thinkin'-- *
(He stands, urgently pulling her hand) *
We gotta go, ma'am, right now -- we gotta find the Beadle and get the law here-- *

She pulls him down to her again, agitated, her mind racing:

MRS. LOVETT
Hush now, Toby, hush ... Here, you just sit next to me nice and quiet ...
(calming)
... How could you think such a thing of Mr. Todd, who's been so good to us?

He calms down a bit as she holds him.

MRS. LOVETT *
**Nothing's gonna harm you,**
**Not while I'm around.**
**Nothing's gonna harm you, darling,** *
**Not while I'm around.**

(CONTINUED)

101 CONTINUED: (3) 101

TOBY
**Demons'll charm you**
**With a smile**
**For a while,**
**But in time**
**Nothing's gonna harm you,**
**Not while I'm around.**

The music continues as she holds him, and she comes to a painful, dreadful decision. There are tears in her eyes.

MRS. LOVETT
(softly)
Funny we should be having this little chat right now ... 'Cause I was just thinkin', you know how you've always fancied coming into the bakehouse with me to help make the pies?

TOBY
(dreamily)
Yes, ma'am.

She quickly dries her eyes and then turns him to look at her.

MRS. LOVETT
(smiles)
Well ... no time like the present.

102 INT. BAKEHOUSE STEPS -- EVENING 102

Mrs. Lovett leads Toby down the claustrophobic, long stairway toward the bakehouse.

TOBY
My heart bleeds for you havin' to go up and down all these stairs!

MRS. LOVETT
Well, that'll be your job now.

TOBY
Yes, ma'am!

She arrives at the heavy iron door to the bakehouse. We can hear the seismic rumble of the bake oven within.

She unbolts the door and ushers Toby in.

And we finally enter...

103 INT. THE BAKEHOUSE -- EVENING 103

A macabre vision of Hell.

The roof hangs low in this subterranean chamber. The grisly tools of her trade are scattered about the place: a large, stained chopping block; a meat grinder; buckets of questionable viscous liquid; cleavers and bone saws and meat hooks; wet sewer grates for the blood.

A metal sheet, hinged at the top, has been attached to cover an opening in the wall: the mouth of the chute from the barber shop above.

And eeriest of all ... the thundering roar of flame coming from a large industrial oven against one wall.

Toby takes in the cavernous bakehouse:

TOBY
Coo, quite a stink, ain't there?

She indicates the sewer grates:

MRS. LOVETT
Those grates go right down to the sewers and the whiffs come up, always a few rats gone home to Jesus down there.

TOBY
So -- where do I start?! *

She leads him across to the thrumming, fiery oven:

MRS. LOVETT
Now this would be the bake oven ... Ten dozen at a time. Always be sure the doors is closed properly, like this.

TOBY
(trying to remember it all)
Yes'm, always closed properly.

She leads him to the meat grinder:

MRS. LOVETT
And here's the grinder ...
(demonstrates it)
... You pop in the meat, give it a good grind and it comes out here.

(CONTINUED)

103 CONTINUED: 103

TOBY
(practicing with the grinder)
Good grind, comes out there.

MRS. LOVETT
That's my boy. Smoothly, smoothly -- *
Now I've got to pop upstairs, back
in two shakes, all right?

TOBY
Yes'm.

She begins to go. He stops her with:

TOBY
Do you think I might have a pie
while I wait?

She turns. He is standing at a rack of cooling pies.

MRS LOVETT
As many as you like, son ... As many
as you like.

She goes and shuts the door behind her.

104 INT. BAKEHOUSE STEPS -- EVENING 104

She leans against the bakehouse door, tormented, gasping for air. Then she slowly bolts the door.

105 INT. FOGG'S ASYLUM -- EVENING 105

A cacophony of madness. The ragged inmates of the asylum are slammed together in a series of cramped cells, the low ceiling pressing down.

We discover Anthony, dressed as a fashionable wigmaker's * apprentice, walking past the cells with the odious MR. * FOGG. Fogg carries a large pair of scissors.

FOGG
... Oh yes, sir, I agree it would be
to our mutual interest to come to
some arrangement in regard to my
poor children's hair.

He moves to one of the cells and unlocks it:

(CONTINUED)

105 CONTINUED: 105

FOGG
I keep the blondes over here. It was yellow hair you was looking for, sir?

ANTHONY
Yes.

Fogg goes into the crowded cell -- the inmates, all blonde women, scurry back, clearly terrified of Fogg. Anthony sees Johanna, wearing a filthy straitjacket, hunched like a feral animal, cowering in a corner of the cell.

ANTHONY
(points)
That one has hair the shade I need.

Fogg goes to fetch Johanna, hauls her to Anthony:

FOGG
Come, child. Smile for the gentleman and you shall have a sweetie.

Johanna's eyes shoot wide when she sees Anthony, but she says nothing.

FOGG
(prepares scissors)
Now, where shall I cut?

Before Fogg can react -- Anthony pulls a revolver from his clothing, grabs Johanna and pushes Fogg back into the cell. He swings the cell door shut, locking Fogg in.

ANTHONY
Not a word, Mr. Fogg, or it will be your last ... Now, I leave you to the mercy of your "children."

He grabs Johanna and pulls her away.

Mr. Fogg turns. He is locked in with the blonde inmates. They slowly begin to advance on him. Menacing. It is likely they are going to rip him limb from limb...

106 EXT. PIE SHOP -- EVENING 106

Todd and Mrs. Lovett are hurrying down the stairs from the barber shop, urgent. Todd has a razor.

MRS. LOVETT
... I got him locked in -- but if he escapes he'll go to the law!

(CONTINUED)

106 CONTINUED: 106

TODD
Then he can't escape.

MRS. LOVETT
Mr. T. -- I don't know -- maybe we could--

TODD
The Judge will be here soon! I have no time, woman! Come on--!

They turn a corner and walk straight into--

The Beadle!

MRS. LOVETT
Excuse me, sir! -- You gave me a fright.

BEADLE
Not my intention, good madam, though I am here on official business.
(elaborately prepares a pinch of snuff)
You see, there's been complaints. About the stink from your chimney. They say at night, it's something most foul. Health regulations -- and the general public welfare, naturally -- being my duty, I'm afraid I'll have to take a look ...
(inhales the snuff, Sneezes and daintily wipes his nose)
... at your bakehouse.

TODD
(smoothly)
Of course ... But first why don't you come upstairs and let me attend to you?

BEADLE
Much as I do appreciate tonsorial adornment, I really ought see to my "official" obligations first.

TODD
An admirable sentiment -- But I must ask you, out of professional curiosity you understand, is that a cream or a tallow pomade?

(CONTINUED)

106 CONTINUED: (2) 106

BEADLE
(touches his hair)
Oh, not a pomade at all! Me secret is a touch of ambergris.

TODD
But, sir, hair that delicate requires a genuine pomade! Come along, let me show you the difference.

BEADLE
(considering)
Well ... you are the expert in these matters...

TODD
And we'll finish you off with a nice facial rub of bay rum.

BEADLE
Oooh, bay rum is bracing.

TODD
And all on the house, for my friend, Beadle Bamford.

BEADLE
Well, sir, I take that very kindly ... Lead on.

TODD
(bowing)
I am, sir, entirely at your --
(his eyes flit to Mrs. Lovett)
-- disposal.

He leads the Beadle away.

Mrs. Lovett allows herself a breath.

107 EXT. PIE SHOP -- EVENING 107

From across the street, we see Todd leading the Beadle up the stairs to the barber shop, chatting with him easily.

We realize we are seeing the perspective of the Beggar Woman, hunched across the street, watching them closely.

108 INT. BAKEHOUSE -- EVENING 108

Toby is eating a pie as he slowly wanders around the bakehouse.

He stops to consider the many stained cleavers and bone saws, curious.

Then he bites on something hard -- stops -- he reaches into his mouth and pulls something out. Looks at it:

It is a fingernail.

To be exact, it is the severed tip of a finger.

Toby drops it in horror and starts back--

Suddenly, a loud THUMPING and CLANGING makes him spin, alarmed--

As --

The bloody body of the Beadle EXPLODES SUDDENLY from the mouth of the chute--

Toby screams and races to the door--

Pulls at it. Locked. No use. He bangs on the heavy iron door wildly:

TOBY
MRS. LOVETT! MRS. LOVETT! LET ME OUT! MRS. LOVETT!

The thundering roar from the bake oven seems to rise to match his frenzy as--

In panic, Toby races to the sewer grate, yanks it up and disappears down into the sewers as the shrill factory whistle SCREAMS and we cut to--

109 INT. BARBER SHOP -- EVENING 109

Todd stands by the chair, his razor high--

His eyes blazing--

His face covered in a spray of blood--

Lost in rapture.

Not for long.

(CONTINUED)

109 CONTINUED: 109

The Gentleman, the Banker, the General move into the frame with purpose, impatient.

The Gentleman flicks out his handkerchief and begins to clean the blood off Todd's face -- he is not gentle, the blood smears--

GENTLEMAN
**The engine roared, the motor hissed,**
**And who could see how the road would twist...?** *

Meanwhile, the Banker pulls off Todd's stained barber tunic and hands Todd his jacket--

BANKER
**In Sweeney's ledger the entries matched:**
**A Beadle arrived, and a Beadle dispatched...**

Meanwhile, the General is cleaning up the blood on the barber chair--

GENERAL
**To satisfy the hungry god**

GENTLEMAN, BANKER AND GENERAL *
**Of Sweeney Todd...** *
**The Demon Barber of Fleet...**

SUDDENLY -- a sharp cry from across the room -- Todd spins--

GHOST CHORUS *
**SWEENEY!**

GENTLEMAN, BANKER AND GENERAL
**...Street!**

Todd sees that more and more of the ghastly specters are moving around the room -- multiplying exponentially -- we see the TOURIST, the STUDENT, the PRIEST and others.

They are more intrusive than they have ever been -- touching Todd -- eagerly preparing him for the finale of his drama --

GHOST CHORUS *
**Sweeney! Sweeney!** *
**Sweeney! Sweeney! Sweeney!**

By now the ghosts are fully Furies, demented and threatening--

(CONTINUED)

109 CONTINUED: (2) 109

GHOST CHORUS *
**Sweeney!**
**Sweeeeeeeneeeeey...!**

The screeching music transforms into a strange symphony of inarticulate moans and howls and chants, taking us to...

110 INT. SEWERS -- NIGHT 110

GHOST CHORUS *
**Sweeeeeeeeeeeeeeeneeeeeeeeeeeey...**
**Sweeneysweeneysweeneysweeney...**

Todd and Mrs. Lovett are searching for Toby through a horrible catacomb of decaying sewers. Todd carries a razor. Their voices echo bizarrely:

MRS. LOVETT
**Toby!**
**Where are you, love?**

TODD
**Toby!**
**Where are you, lad?**

MRS. LOVETT
**Nothing's gonna harm you...**

TODD
**Toby!**

MRS. LOVETT
**Not while I'm around...**

TODD
**Toby!**

MRS. LOVETT
**Nothing's gonna harm you,**
**Darling...**

TODD
Nothing to be afraid of boy...

MRS. LOVETT
**Not while I'm around.**

TODD
**Toby...**

MRS. LOVETT
**Demons are prowling everywhere**
**Nowadays...**

(CONTINUED)

110 CONTINUED: 110

TODD
**Toby...**

Music takes us to...

111 INT. BARBER SHOP -- NIGHT 111

Anthony and Johanna hurry into the barber shop. She is now dressed as a scruffy boy, a cap hiding her hair. She is distracted and disturbed.

ANTHONY
Mr. Todd...? No matter. You wait for him here -- I'll return with the coach in less than half an hour...

She gently touches Todd's collection of razors...

ANTHONY
Don't worry, darling, in those clothes, no one will recognize you ... You're safe now.

She picks up the largest razor, looks at it, an eerie echo of her father.

JOHANNA
(darkly ironic)
Safe ... So we run away and then all our dreams come true?

ANTHONY
I hope so...

JOHANNA
I have never had dreams. Only nightmares.

ANTHONY
Johanna ... When we're free of this place all the ghosts will go away.

She looks at him very intensely:

JOHANNA
No, Anthony, they never go away.

He gently touches her face.

ANTHONY
I'll be right back to you ... Half an hour and we'll be free.

(CONTINUED)

111 CONTINUED: 111

He goes.

She turns to the window, watches him go. Her expression is sad: he will never fully comprehend her depth.

Then she sees the Beggar Woman approaching from across the street...

112 EXT. PIE SHOP -- NIGHT 112

The Beggar Woman begins climbing the stairs to the barber shop:

BEGGAR WOMAN
**Beadle ... Beadle ...**
**No good hiding, I saw you!**
**Are you in there still?**

113 INT. BARBER SHOP -- NIGHT 113

Johanna hears the Beggar Woman singing, climbing the stairs.

BEGGAR WOMAN (V.O.)
**Beadle ... Beadle...**

Johanna looks around urgently, sees the large chest. She quickly climbs into it and shuts the lid as--

The Beggar Woman enters.

BEGGAR WOMAN
**Beadle dear, Beadle...**

The room has a strange effect on her, as if she were vaguely recalling some distant dream. She intones to pretty lullaby music...

BEGGAR WOMAN
**Beadle deedle deedle deedle deedle dumpling,**
**Beadle, dumpling, Be-deedle dumpling...**

SUDDENLY--

Without warning -- like a thunderbolt -- Todd leaps into the room--

TODD
What are you doing here?!

BEGGAR WOMAN
(clutching at his arm)
Ah, evil is here, sir.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

113 CONTINUED: 113

BEGGAR WOMAN (cont'd)
The stink of evil -- from below -- from her! ...
(calling)
... Beadle dear, Beadle!

He looks anxiously out the window for the Judge:

TODD
Be quiet, woman!

BEGGAR WOMAN
(still clutching at him)
She's the Devil's wife! Oh, beware her, sir. She with no pity ...
(slowing, looking at him more closely)
...in her heart...

TODD
Out of here! Now!

BEGGAR WOMAN
(really peering at him now)
**Hey, don't I know you, mister?**

Todd suddenly sees -- the Judge! -- walking toward the shop-- Todd has no time--!

The music THUNDERS as--

In one brutal motion -- he swings around and grabs his razor -- fiercely SLASHES her throat -- tosses her in the chair -- pulls the lever -- she slides through the floor--

He pulls the chair back to its normal position just as--

The Judge enters.

JUDGE
Where is she? Where's the girl?

TODD
Below, your Honor. With my neighbor. Thank heavens the sailor did not molest her. Thank heavens, too, she has seen the error of her ways.

JUDGE
She has?

(CONTINUED)

113 CONTINUED: (2) 113

TODD
Oh yes, sir, your lesson was well learned. She speaks only of you, longing for forgiveness.

JUDGE
Then she shall have it. She'll be here soon, you say?

The music builds, the pace increases:

TODD
**I think I hear her now.**

JUDGE
(excited)
Oh, excellent, ~~my friend~~!

TODD
**Is that her dainty footstep on the stair?**

JUDGE
I hear nothing.

TODD
**Yes, isn't that her shadow on the wall?**

JUDGE
Where?

TODD
There!
**Primping,**
**Making herself even prettier than usual--**

JUDGE
**Even prettier...**

TODD
**If possible.**

JUDGE
(blissful)
**Ohhhhhhh,**
**Pretty women!**

TODD
**Pretty women, yes...**

JUDGE
(straightening his coat)
Quickly, sir, ~~a splash~~ of bay rum!

(CONTINUED)

113 CONTINUED: (3) 113

TODD
Sit, sir, sit.

JUDGE
(settling into chair, in lecherous rapture)
**Johanna, Johanna...**

Todd gets a towel, puts it carefully around the Judge, moves to get a bottle of bay rum--

TODD
**Pretty women...**

JUDGE
Hurry, man!

TODD
**Pretty women**
**Are a wonder...**

JUDGE
You're in a merry mood again today, barber.

TODD
(simultaneously with Judge)
Yes sir.
(joyfully)
**Pretty women!**

JUDGE
**What we do for**

They sing simultaneously as Todd smoothes bay rum on the Judge's face and then reaches for his razor:

JUDGE
**Pretty women!**

**Blowing out their candles**
**Combing out their hair--**
**Then they leave--**
**Even when they leave you**
**And vanish, they somehow**
**Can still remain**
**There with you there...**

TODD
**Pretty women!**

**Blowing out their candles**
**Or combing out their hair,**

(CONTINUED)

113 CONTINUED: (4) 113

**Even when they leave,**
**They still**
**Are there,**
**They're there...**

The music builds dangerously as:

JUDGE
How seldom it is ~~one~~ meets a fellow spirit!

TODD
With fellow tastes -- in women, at least.

JUDGE
What? What's ~~that?~~

TODD
The years no doubt have changed me, sir. But then, I suppose the face of a barber -- ~~the face of~~ a prisoner in the dock -- ~~is not~~ particularly memorable.

JUDGE
(a horrified realization)
Benjamin Barker!

TODD
BENJAMIN BARKER!

The factory whistle screams ~~a~~ steady, terrible blast as--

Todd brutally SLASHES the Judge's throat--

Severing his jugular--

The spray of blood drenches ~~Todd~~--

He pulls the lever and sends the body tumbling out of sight down the chute.

The music continues...

As Todd stands for a long moment, blood dripping from his face, exalted.

Then he sinks to his knees, overcome.

The music stops.

(CONTINUED)

113 CONTINUED: (5) 113

A long beat of silence.

Then Todd looks at his razor deeply:

TODD
**Rest now, my friend,**
**Rest now forever,**
**Sleep now the untroubled**
**Sleep of the angels.**

Then silence as he reverently sets the razor on the floor and looks at it.

We focus on his face.

His quest is completed.

His demons silenced.

The ghosts are gone.

It's done.

He just kneels there. No reason to move. No purpose in life.

Then...

A sound from the chest. A slight thump.

His eyes dart to the chest.

He slowly picks up his razor and moves to the chest. Then suddenly WRENCHES it open and HAULS out Johanna--

TODD
(darkly)
Come for a shave, have you, lad?

JOHANNA
No -- I...

He tosses her in the chair, throws back his arm, his razor ready--

TODD
Surely, yes! Everyone needs a good shave--!

SUDDENLY -- A PIERCING SCREAM ECHOES UP FROM THE CHUTE -- Mrs. Lovett's voice -- screaming to raise the dead--

(CONTINUED)

113 CONTINUED: (6) 113

Todd rivets Johanna, pointing the razor at her, a lethal warning:

TODD
Forget my face.

He spins and bolts out of the shop, leaving her sitting in the chair--

114 INT. BAKEHOUSE -- NIGHT 114

Mrs. Lovett is standing in horror by the mouth of the chute. The Judge, still barely alive, clutches at her skirt--

She tries to wrench herself away from his vise-like grip--

MRS. LOVETT
Die! Die! God in heaven -- die!

The Judge's fingers finally relax their grip; he is dead.

Panting, Mrs. Lovett, backs away from him and for the first time notices the body of the Beggar Woman.

MRS. LOVETT
You! Can it be? Have all the demons of Hell come to torment me?!

She grabs the Beggar Woman and starts dragging her quickly toward the oven as Todd races in:

TODD
Why did you scream? Does the Judge live still?

MRS. LOVETT
He was clutching, holding on to my dress, but he's finished now...

She continues quickly dragging the Beggar Woman toward the oven.

TODD
Leave them to me. Open the doors.

He waves her toward the oven--

MRS. LOVETT
No! Don't touch her!

TODD
Open the doors!

(CONTINUED)

114 CONTINUED: 114

He shoves her toward the oven and leans over to pick up the Beggar Woman's body--

TODD
What's the matter with you? It's only a silly old beggar--

Then -- Mrs. Lovett opens the oven doors--

The thundering roar from the oven crashes through the room as the fiery light slashes across the floor--

Clearly illuminating the face of the Beggar Woman.

A chord of music as Todd realizes who she is. Music continues and builds as:

TODD
Oh no! ... Oh God ... "Don't I know you?" she said ...

He looks up to Mrs. Lovett:

TODD
You knew she lived. From the moment that I came into your shop you knew my Lucy lived!

MRS. LOVETT
I was only thinking of you!

TODD
(looking down again)
**Lucy...**

MRS. LOVETT
Your Lucy! A crazy hag picking bones and rotten spuds out of alley ashcans! Would you have wanted to know she ended up like that?

TODD
(looking up)
You lied to me...

MRS. LOVETT
(desperately)
**No, no, not lied at all.**
**No, I never lied.**

TODD
(to Beggar Woman)
**Lucy...**

(CONTINUED)

114 CONTINUED: (2) 114

MRS. LOVETT
**Said she took the poison -- she did --**
**Never said that she died --**
**Poor thing,**
**She lived--**

TODD
**I've come home again...**

MRS. LOVETT
**But it left her weak in the head,**
**All she did for months was just lie there in bed-**
**-**

TODD
**Lucy...**

MRS. LOVETT
**Should've been in hospital,**
**Wound up in Bedlam instead,**
**Poor thing!**

TODD
**Oh, my God...**

MRS. LOVETT
**Better you should think she was dead.**
(passionately)
**Yes, I lied 'cos I love you!**

TODD
**Lucy...**

MRS. LOVETT
**I'd be twice the wife she was!**
**I love you!**
**Could that thing have cared for you**
**Like me?**

TODD
(a harrowing keen)
**WHAT HAVE I DONE?!**

Todd's eyes suddenly snap up to Mrs. Lovett -- as the glorious "Little Priest" waltz theme returns--

TODD
**Mrs. Lovett,**
**You're a bloody wonder,**
**Eminently practical and yet**
**Appropriate as always,**
**As you've said repeatedly,**
**There's little point in dwelling on the past.**

(CONTINUED)

114 CONTINUED: (3) 114

He steps toward her, she steps back, unsure, as they sing simultaneously:

TODD
**No, come here, my love...**
**Not a thing to fear,**
**My love...**
**What's dead**
**Is dead.**

MRS. LOVETT
**Do you mean it?**
**Everything I did I swear I thought**
**Was only for the best,**
**Believe me!**
(a heartbreaking plea)
**Can we still be**
**Married?**

Todd steps toward her darkly.

She knows she is doomed.

But steps into his arms anyway for a final, triumphant waltz:

TODD
**The history of the world, my pet--**

MRS. LOVETT
(through tears)
**Oh, Mr. Todd,**
**Ooh, Mr. Todd,**
**Leave it to me...**

TODD
**Is learn forgiveness and try to forget.**

MRS. LOVETT
(the lost dream)
**By the sea, Mr. Todd,**
**We'll be comfy-cozy,**
**By the sea, Mr. Todd,**
**Where there's no one nosy...**

He waltzes her toward the roaring oven.

She offers no resistance, fully aware of what's coming.

The blazing, thundering inferno of the oven makes it seem they are the damned, dancing through Hell.

(CONTINUED)

114 CONTINUED: (4) 114

TODD
**And life is for the alive, my dear,**
**So let's keep living it--!**

BOTH
**Just keep living it,**
**Really living it--!**

The music reaches a thundering crescendo as--

He flings her into the oven and slams the doors--

We hear her screaming. And banging on the oven doors.

Todd sinks to his knees and covers his ears desperately as the banging and screaming and music finally fade to silence.

Then he slowly drags himself across the floor to the Beggar Woman.

He cradles her head in his arms.

TODD
**There was a barber and his wife,**
**And she was beautiful.**
**A foolish barber and his wife,**
**She was his reason and his life.**
**And she was beautiful.**
**And she was virtuous.**
**And he was...**
**Naive.**

Todd folds himself over his dead wife.

The only sound his deep, anguished sobs.

A long beat.

Then he becomes aware of something. He looks over to see....

Toby -- staring at him from the open sewer grate. He has seen everything.

Todd watches as Toby silently pulls himself up. Todd gently sets Lucy down and then, still kneeling, turns to face Toby.

A long beat as they look at each other.

Then Toby slowly moves and carefully picks up Todd's razor.

(CONTINUED)

114 CONTINUED: (5) 114

Todd looks at him.

Then slowly unbuttons his collar and exposes his neck.

He bends his head back, offering his naked throat.

Toby slowly goes to him and methodically slits his throat.

Todd continues to gaze up at Toby as we hear the lonely sound of wind escaping from his severed wind pipe.

Then Toby turns and leaves the bakehouse.

Todd leans forward, dying.

We cut to his point-of-view:

The rough brick floor...

From the bottom of the frame...

A dark pool of blood slowly begins to spread ... moving up the frame ... the fiery glow from the bake oven reflected in the blood...

Finally, the pool of blood fills the entire frame.

We realize this is the first image we saw in the story. Todd's perspective. Todd's blood. As he dies.

As before, the Gentleman's face appears, reflected in the pool of blood...

GENTLEMAN
**Attend the tale of Sweeney Todd,**
**His skin was pale and his eye was odd.**

The Banker emerges from the shadows of the bakehouse...

BANKER
**He shaved the faces of gentlemen**
**Who never thereafter were heard of again.**

The General emerges ... and the Tourist ... and the Priest ... and the Student... *

GENTLEMAN AND BANKER *
**He trod a path that few have trod,**
**Did Sweeney Todd,**
**The Demon Barber of Fleet Street.**

Then a new ghost ... a face we recognize ... the Beggar Woman...

(CONTINUED)

114 CONTINUED: (6) 114

BEGGAR WOMAN
**He kept a shop in London town,**
**Of fancy clients and good renown.**

She is joined by the Judge...

JUDGE
**And what if none of their souls were saved?**
**They went to their maker impeccably shaved.**
**By Sweeney,** *

BEGGAR WOMAN AND JUDGE *
**By Sweeney Todd,** *

GENTLEMAN, BANKER, BEGGAR WOMAN AND JUDGE *
**The Demon Barber of Fleet Street.**

The Beadle and Pirelli join the ghosts...

PIRELLI AND BEADLE
**Swing your razor wide, Sweeney!**
**Hold it to the skies!**
**Freely flows the blood of those**
**Who moralize!**

The ghosts move around the bakehouse, considering the meat grinder and stained cleavers and chopping block...

GENTLEMAN, BANKER, TOURIST, GENERAL, *
PRIEST, STUDENT AND GHOST CHORUS *
**His needs are few, his room is bare.** *
**He hardly uses his fancy chair.**
**The more he bleeds, the more he lives.**
**He never forgets and he never forgives.**
**Perhaps today you gave a nod**
**To Sweeney Todd.**
**The Demon Barber of Fleet Street.**

Hunting like predators, we begin to move urgently through the ghosts. Their long shadows tower bizarrely against the walls and ceiling of the bakehouse. The fiery red roar of the bake oven builds in intensity...

GHOST CHORUS - FEMALE VOICES *
**Sweeney wishes the world away,**
**Sweeney's weeping for yesterday,** *

GENTLEMAN, BANKER, TOURIST, GENERAL, *
PRIEST, STUDENT AND GHOST CHORUS *
**Hugging the blade, waiting the years,**
**Hearing the music that nobody hears.**
**Sweeney waits in the parlor hall,**
**Sweeney leans on the office wall.**

(CONTINUED)

114 CONTINUED: (7) 114

**No one can help, nothing can hide you--**
**Isn't that Sweeney there beside you?**
**No one can help, nothing can hide you--**
**Isn't that Sweeney there beside you?**
**No one can help, nothing can hide you--**
**Isn't that Sweeney there beside you?**
**Isn't that Sweeney there beside you?**
**Sweeney! Sweeney! Sweeney!**

We tear through them with increasing frenzy -- cutting quickly, vertiginous angles -- as the music builds--

BANKER
**There!**

BANKER AND GENERAL
**There!**

BANKER, GENERAL AND PRIEST
**There!**

BANKER, GENERAL, PRIEST AND STUDENT
**There!**

BANKER, GENERAL, PRIEST, STUDENT AND GENTLEMAN
**There!**

BANKER, GENERAL, PRIEST, STUDENT, GENTLEMAN AND TOURIST
**There!**

BANKER, GENERAL, PRIEST, STUDENT, GENTLEMAN, TOURIST AND GHOST CHORUS
**There!**

BANKER, GENERAL, PRIEST, STUDENT, GENTLEMAN, TOURIST AND GHOST CHORUS
**There!**

They move away--

Revealing--

Todd and Mrs. Lovett. Facing each other.

We circle them:

BANKER, GENERAL, PRIEST, STUDENT, TOURIST AND GHOST CHORUS
**Attend the tale of Sweeney Todd!**

GENTLEMAN
**Attend the tale of Sweeney Todd!**

(CONTINUED)

114 CONTINUED: (8) 114

BANKER, GENERAL, PRIEST, STUDENT, TOURIST *
AND GHOST CHORUS *
**He served a dark and a hungry god!** *

GENTLEMAN *
**He served a dark and a hungry god!** *

TODD *
(sharply to Mrs. Lovett)
**To seek revenge may lead to hell.**

MRS. LOVETT
(coldly to him)
**But everyone does it, if seldom as well--**

TODD AND MRS. LOVETT
**--As Sweeney...**

GENTLEMAN *
**As Sweeney Todd...**

BANKER, GENERAL, PRIEST, STUDENT, *
GENTLEMAN, TOURIST AND GHOST CHORUS *
**The Demon Barber of Fleet...**

The ghosts begin to disappear ... fading into the shadows of the bakehouse ... leaving Todd and Mrs. Lovett alone...

BANKER, GENERAL, PRIEST, STUDENT, *
GENTLEMAN, TOURIST AND GHOST CHORUS *
**... Street!**

The febrile music continues as Todd and Mrs. Lovett stand alone, continuing to glare at each other.

Finally she gives him a grim little smile and disappears into the darkness.

He stands alone.

And we cut to--

A series of images from earlier in our story, cut to the music --

Todd's life flashing before his eyes --

The images building as the music races toward its conclusion--

Todd singing -- slashing -- smiling -- striding--

The final crash of music at the final image:

(CONTINUED)

114 CONTINUED: (9) 114

Todd kneeling, hunched over the pool of blood on the bakehouse floor.

He falls...

Into the blood.

Dead.

Snap to black.

The End